

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. **ILLUSTRATED.**

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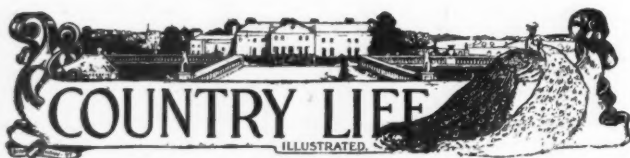
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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, illustrations or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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PUBLIC SCHOOL . . . PHYSIQUE.

THE scare started by a medical correspondent of the *Times*, as to the physique of boys entering public schools, was a most unwelcome surprise. His complaint has been much over-estimated, for it dealt only with the health of the younger boys, who are in the "transition period" of rapid growth, and consequently of bodily disorganisation. But our upper classes have long taken pardonable pride in the physique of their sons. They make great pecuniary sacrifices to secure them the best chances for health and recreation, and have not been over-anxious to repudiate the suggestion that they prefer games to learning for their boys. It is not without a shock that they hear even of a single case in which, out of one hundred boys at a public school aged between thirteen and fifteen, thirty-nine were below the average height, fifty-three below the average weight, sixty-eight below the average chest measurement, sixty-three the subjects of "deformities" (probably often minute deviations from symmetry), fourteen of varicocele, and twenty-two of albuminuria.

The most cheering sign in the correspondence which, very naturally, continues to follow this statement, is that few

parents of boys have contributed to it. This is not because the parents of public schoolboys do not grumble. They do, reasonably and unreasonably, like other people. But their silence must be taken as evidence that those most interested are satisfied with results, and having seen their sons, at eighteen, changing from boys to men, well grown and healthy, excelling in sports and games, are not in a panic because a doctor has examined a number of the same social class at fourteen and found a rather startling number of weaknesses.

This is just one of those cases in which general opinion is far more likely to be right than the experts. It is matter of common observation, for instance, that the girls of to-day are taller and bigger than their mothers. If anyone cares to amuse himself with amateur statistics as to the boys, he will find that of a given number of young men of twenty, few are shorter than their fathers, that many are taller, and that there is certainly no falling off in physique in a single generation. It is to the result, seen at twenty, not to the period of violent physical changes, with its accompanying disturbance of bodily equilibrium, that we must look in order to form a judgment on the physique of that part of young England which is at the top. But there is abundant evidence that even at this period the public school boy is sound enough, though it is quite probable that the good and plentiful food of the richer classes forces growth rather faster than in the poorer ones, and that their sons are likely to develop more minor and temporary weaknesses between fourteen and fifteen than those whose growth is retarded till later. The contrast may be seen in any agricultural village in this country, the period of rapid growth being among the labouring boys from sixteen to eighteen, not from fourteen to sixteen.

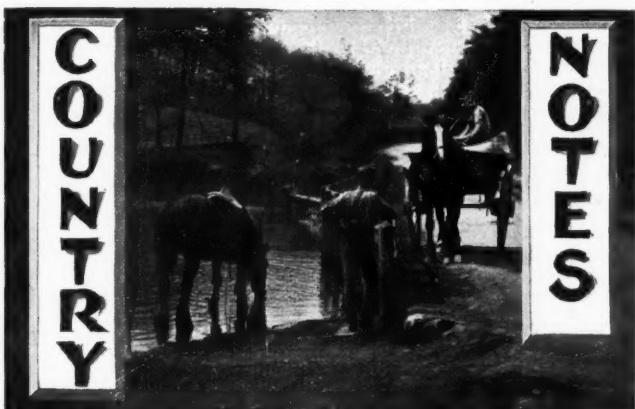
In a letter to the *Times* of November 22nd, Mr. Almond, the head-master of Loretto, who has always made physical training one of the main features of his successful school, states from his records that the small boy who comes to a public school to-day shows an improvement in chest measurement of an inch over those of twenty-five years ago. But perhaps the best evidence—not of the capacity of public schools to form strong men, but of the general physical health of the boys while there—is the small proportion for whom exemption is claimed from compulsory athletics, or from the physical training and exercise of the gymnasium. In a school of 650 boys, where every boy has to attend the gymnasium for the usual course of physical training, unless he produces a medical certificate of weakness or unfitness, which may range from a weak heart to a temporary strain, only nine out of the 650 claimed exemption from games, and twenty-seven from the acrobatic activities of the gymnasium.

No one contends that our public school system of work and games is perfect. But we are a practical people, and a very large proportion of those who choose this mode of bringing up their sons are so wealthy, or at least in such easy circumstances, that, if any better and "more perfect way" was open, they would adopt it at once. There is not the least doubt that if any enterprising person set up an establishment in which physical training was avowedly the object, with work only added to fill in the periods of bodily rest, the scheme would meet with careful consideration. It would certainly not be dismissed with contempt. But it is most improbable that it would attract enough pupils to pay, and the old establishments would have nothing to fear from its competition. If there were any real grounds for thinking seriously of the allegation that our boys are not what their fathers were, such a school would be filled at once. As things are, no one would risk his money in it. The experiment was tried, not many years ago, much on these lines, and died a natural death.

There is a breed of English boys, of the public school "stratum," who are threatened with physical degeneration, and these are instantly removed from the dangerous surroundings and sent, not to sanatoriums, but to public schools. These are the children of our Indian officers and civilians who cannot face the climate, in which they must deteriorate if allowed to grow up in it. It is quite possible that if a "hygienic school" were started in the hills. Indian parents might welcome such an institution in preference to the affliction of domestic partings and the break-up of families, now the inevitable curse of our Indian Empire.

It is not in the "public" schools supported by private payment, but in the State schools, where the children from the bottom of the social ladder are brought up, that the decay of physique is seen. A series of examinations of the children in the industrial schools were made some years ago, with results so alarming that even the most casual reader must have been struck by the figures. But even there the greater number were affected by symptoms of nervous ailments which they might, and probably would, leave behind when adults. But a contrast of the sons of the upper classes with those of the lowest tells enormously in favour of the former, and inferentially backs up our public school system. If anyone will walk down Piccadilly, or go into the Queen's Club, and then drive off to the East End and walk through Mile End, he will realise the difference of

height and build between the "completed article" from the public school and those who have not had that advantage. It takes two years to turn the lads recruited from the London streets for the Foot Guards into sturdy soldiers. The limit of age is eighteen. Take any average public school boy of eighteen, and give him the Guardsman's physical training, and he will be fit for foreign service—if the Guards were needed for it—in six months.



ON Saturday, December 17th, will be issued a special number of COUNTRY LIFE, with many more pages than usual. Amongst its attractions will be a most appropriate and touching story from the pen of Mr. J. Bloundelle-Burton, and an illustrated description of Broughton Castle and its gardens. Broughton Castle, now let to Lord Algernon Gordon Lennox, is the property of Lord Saye and Sele, and has been in the hands of his ancestors for four centuries and a-half. It is, probably, the most ancient house which is still inhabited. The gardens owe the greater part of their beauty to the care and taste of Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox.

We have reason to believe that the quarry which gave the Anglesey Harriers so good a run during the ceremonial week of festivity, taking to the water for 45min., was not a hare but one of the red deer from Mr. Assheton Smith's park at Vaynol.

There is a pleasant savour of the Old World in the discovery made recently in the recesses of the vestry of Sleaford Parish Church. It is nothing less than a small library of books placed in the church many years ago for the benefit and use of parishioners, and chained for the sake of security. We do not chain our books in public libraries now, and no doubt, even in the oldest times, the practice had its inconveniences. But it had its advantages also, for, even until this day, our public libraries have suffered from the rapacity of collectors. Some amusing stories, illustrative of the demoralising effect of the passion for collection, are told in "Curios," a recent collection of tales by Mr. Richard Marsh.

Since so-called "magical expedients" are to the fore, the following account, culled from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1767 by a correspondent of the *Standard*, is interesting:—"A child near two years old fell into the river Kennet and was drowned. After diligent search had been made in the river, but to no purpose, a twopenny loaf, with a quantity of quicksilver put into it, was set floating from the place where the child had fallen in, which steered its course down the river upwards of half-a-mile, before a great number of spectators, when the body happening to lay on the contrary side of the river, and gradually sunk near the child, when both the child and loaf were immediately brought up with grabbers ready for that purpose." The proceeding, it will be observed, was successful; the child's body was found. Why? Not, of course, by reason of Art Magic; and yet not, perhaps, from mere coincidence. The probable explanation is that the loaf, weighted with the quicksilver, floated down the stream as the child's body floated, and rested and sank in the eddy where the child's body rested; in other words, the natural trend of the current was discovered by a clever device.

As might have been expected, the perfectly legitimate "fuss" which is being made concerning the dangers of milk has drawn attention to the fact, mentioned by Sir William Broadbent at Huddersfield, that asses and goats are not subject to tuberculosis. The cost of the milk of the ass is admittedly prohibitive, and likely so to remain; but country-folk are accused of gross neglect of the goat. Now we would not for the world throw cold water upon any reasonable suggestion for the development of stock-keeping in these islands, and we are well aware that there are parts of continental Europe in which

goats are kept to a profit. But the circumstances are not quite similar. The continental goat is profitable to a large extent by reason of the high value (greatly enhanced by the pretty fashion of wearing long gloves affected by ladies) which attaches to the skins of the kids. But we believe we are correct in saying that in our more rigorous climate the skins of the kids have not the fine texture which is essential to the manufacture of gloves of the best quality. Moreover, the quality of the continental skins varies according to locality and climate. Finally, those who have kept goats in England differ in opinion concerning their merits, and we know of one gentleman farmer who, having tried the experiment of keeping a pair of them, found their tempers so uncertain that he was compelled to end the experiment with a double-barrelled gun.

As usual, the end of the flat-racing season is the occasion for comparing the great trainers and the leading jockeys according to their winnings and their victories. Of the trainers, Mr. R. Marsh, of Newmarket, is first with £34,329 to his credit; horses trained by Mr. John Porter, of Kingsclere, won £22,095; and Mr. Jarvis, of Newmarket, runs him close with £21,296. Of jockeys, O. Madden (161 wins, 831 mounts), T. Loates (143 wins, 765 mounts), M. Cannon (140 wins, 539 mounts), F. Allsopp (115 wins, 822 mounts), and S. Loates (106 wins, 691 mounts), stand highest. None of these records compare favourably with Sloan's 43 wins out of 98 mounts. Discount the figures as we may by emphasising the excellence of the horses which it was Sloan's luck to ride, there is no room for doubt that he won some wonderful races, and that his marvellous judgment of pace is the true explanation of his great record. Of owners, far the most successful is Mr. L. de Rothschild, with £30,267.

Mention was made in these columns earlier in the year of the ravages of an otter in the neighbourhood of Lockinge in Berkshire. Now comes news of unusual abundance of otters in the Eastern Counties, a fine one of 22lb. having been shot at Tattershall Bridge, and another having been killed at Norton Subcourse. The slaughter is regrettable from some points of view, but, except in a country visited by otter-hounds, it is unreasonable to expect men to show mercy to otters. They are, it is true, the most lithe and graceful of our vanishing beasts, but no man who knows their ways denies that they are very destructive of fish. To any such denials the havoc effected in the Lockinge fish-ponds is a conclusive answer. Yet we confess that nothing would induce us to raise a gun against the water-dog or to set a trap in his path. But that is not entirely because we have the feelings of the naturalist. They go for something; but there is a line in a famous hunting song which goes further to explain our attitude: "Although we would kill him we love him." We admire his lissom movements in his native element, but we love him for the noble sport he affords.

Birmingham Dog Show, the opening day of which has been altered from the traditional Saturday to Monday, has been in full swing this week, but we are afraid that the weather has rather prejudicially affected the attendance. Birmingham, moreover, is one of those dog shows which rarely, if ever, contrive to introduce any elements of novelty into the proceedings. Of course, such barbarous enactments as private judging had to be reluctantly abandoned, but any idea of departing from the beaten track which has been pursued for forty years is apparently so distasteful to the executive, that the show which was progressive at the time our fathers showed their dogs is now about the most conservative of its kind in existence.

Still, an entry of 1667, composed of 912 dogs, affords proof positive that Birmingham contrives to retain its hold upon the sympathies of its old friends; and happy in the august patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, whose dogs are benched together upon a sort of raised dais under one of the galleries, the council will continue to carry out their show upon the ancient lines, and not attempt to provide accommodation for a greater number of dogs. Apart from the exhibits from Sandringham, which consisted of the Borzoi Alix, the smooth-coated Basset-hound Sandringham Flora, the rough-coated Basset Sandringham Babil, and the Siberian sledge-dog Luska, which between them take seven first prizes, the attraction of the show has been the appearance of Mr. W. Williams' young Irish wolfhound Merlyn. The peculiarity of this animal is his stature, as he stands an honest 35in. under the standard, and though weak behind, being cow-hocked, he is a good-looking dog when viewed in a favourable position. The interest he has excited amongst the lovers of big dogs is, moreover, significant, inasmuch as it affords an easy and applicable contradiction to the silly stories of dogs standing a yard high at the shoulder, which fables are occasionally recited by enthusiastic but unenlightened amateurs for the delectation of their friends.

The sporting classes, upon the whole, were perhaps up to the average, though certainly not beyond it, of former years, the chief event in connection with them being the appearance of Heather Malt, a wonderfully good twelve months old liver and white pointer puppy exhibited by Mr. R. Chapman. This youngster is quite first rate, and promises to make a great name for himself in the light-weight pointer classes before his career closes; whilst in Mr. John Smith's liver, roan, and tan Coleshill Red Girl lovers of the field spaniel will find as smart a specimen of their favourite breed as they can hope to come across. The retrievers also were a good lot, the wavies being better than the curlies, and in the former section Mr. H. R. Cooke's Wimpole Peter, the Darlington champion, was the best-looking of the lot. In the non-sporting department, the collies, which were headed by Mr. Megson's Ormskirk Emerald, were excellent; and so were the bulldogs, in which the championship was most properly bestowed upon Mr. Sam Woodiwiss's Baron Sedgmere, the most typical of the national dog of England that has been seen out for ten years or more. The toy classes at Birmingham are usually weak, and this year proved no exception to the rule.

Some rather unusually big game was bagged in a wood near Downham Market, a week or so ago, in the shape of a fine bull, who, if he was not actually mad, was certainly not sane. When the squire intimated his intention of shooting these coverts, and his keeper got his orders to collect the beaters, the man raised an objection, saying that he doubted if anybody could be persuaded to enter the wood, owing to the presence of a "wild bull," who, having been the terror of the neighbourhood for some time past, had taken up his quarters there, and held the position by ramping and roaring about and running at anyone who dared to show himself anywhere near him. The owner of the animal was communicated with, and said that all efforts to capture him had been unavailing, and he would be thankful to anyone who could get near enough to put a bullet into him. A plan of action was therefore settled on, and, just as the farmer expected, as soon as the beaters began their work at one end of the covert, the "wild bull" rushed out at the other, tail up, head down, snorting and bellowing in the most orthodox and approved fashion, straight at the guns. One of them let fly, and hit him between the fore legs. He rolled over like a rabbit, and a butcher who was in attendance, rushing in, had his knife in the poor brute's throat before he could attempt to rise.

If the signs of the times read true, the extraordinary crop of all berries should be the heralds of an exceptionally hard winter, and the poor folks who gather the acorns will want a few extra shillings even more than usual; so it is, perhaps, the irony of fate that this year, of all others, the unfortunate pickers, instead of getting a fair price of tenpence or a shilling a bushel, can only command sixpence. And why? Only, forsooth! because it happens to be fashion's decree (for apparently there is a fashion in "pigs' wittles," as well as in everything else) that the pork butchers should cry out against feeding the pigs on acorns, because they make the meat too hard. Next year, when the chances are acorns will be scarce, they will, no doubt, be shrieking for them, and will have to go without. These things right themselves somehow; but all the same, to a casual observer, it would seem that neither to the provider nor the consumer is it a boon to have a good crop, for the luckless provider has to do just twice the work for his money, and the legitimate consumer of these delicacies is doomed to fatten himself as best he can without them.

The anxieties of flock-masters will be directed during the next few months towards the care of their breeding ewes. The chief danger is that of abortion. This is brought on by several causes, the most frequent of which is unsuitable food. If turnips are given, they should be given sparingly, and with a large admixture of dry food, such as clover or oat-straw chaff. And a too eager shepherd dog may do much harm in a flock heavy with lamb. It is by far the safest plan to leave the dog in his kennel after Christmas. Severe losses in a valuable flock were once caused by the folding of the ewes at night in a fold-yard, the entrance to which was very narrow, and there was consequently much crowding of the flock to get at the troughs, which were filled with dry food.

Feeders are looking forward rather anxiously to the Christmas markets. The price of beef is still very low, and, given a continuance of the present mild, dull weather, it may keep low. The weather has the same effect on the corn trade; samples are very much out of condition, and there has been a drop of quite a shilling a quarter in prices. Just now is always a bad time for selling. Merchants and millers buy very sparingly in view of the close of the year.

It is to be freely conceded that the occasion of Gentlemen v. Players on Dr. W. G. Grace's jubilee was fully important

enough and interesting enough to justify the M.C.C. in the rather unusual measure of distributing commemorative medallions to those who took part in the match. The medallions, with the familiar figure of the greatest of all cricketers moulded upon them, will be handed down as heirlooms in the family of every cricketer who played in that memorable game. At the same time, we confess to a feeling that only occasions of very first-rate importance and interest justify such a measure. Perhaps we are unduly sensitive on this point, but it has so long been our great and peculiar satisfaction about our national game that it is so entirely divorced from all the poor considerations of pot and medal hunting, that we are inclined to look with an eye of much jealousy on anything that has even a suspicion of a tendency in that direction. The case in point is one in which the medallion-giving will meet with general approval, but we fancy that the approval would be very far from general if it was to be believed that this case would set a precedent for medal-giving on occasions of any less interest. As it stands, however, this is a case *sui generis*, that is not likely to have a fellow in our own time at all events. Therefore, for the nonce, we may perhaps approve what has been done without reservation.

In the days of Dr. Jowett we associated success in the schools, rather than remarkable valour in feats of arms and athletics, with the college of which he was the distinguished master. It is no doubt due to the chapter of accidents rather than the change of mastership that we now find Balliol, though holding scarcely less high estate in the matter of scholarship, with no less than six men rowing in the Trial Eights, one of them as stroke. The boats are spoken of as well up to the average, although the absence of Mr. Warren, through illness, robs them of an element of strength. Of the Cambridge Trial Eights we hear a diversity of opinion, but, taking the more favourable view, they too should be good crews. Mr. Fletcher will again have in hand the coaching of the Cambridge boat; but Oxford has more of the experienced material of Old Blues to draw from, and we fear that we cannot look forward to any break in that long series of successes that Oxford has scored on the river.

A correspondent of the *Standard* reports that seals are becoming so numerous in the Channel that the Calais fishermen are praying the French Government to destroy them. This is remarkable, since it is not two years since the capture of a seal at Dover was chronicled as a remarkable event. There are two breeding places of Channel seals still left, one off the Lizard, and south of that point in some islets of the coast near the Helston river, and on the French Coast, east of Brest and Finisterre. The hot summer has probably favoured the breeding of the seals, as well as the shoals of fish, and the former have swam up Channel in pursuit of the latter. They are all common seals, and perfectly useless, either as food or for fur. At sea they are wary enough, but as they come ashore to sleep, the younger seals are commonly shot and killed.

These are the days of clinical thermometers—the nurse's joy, the toy of the fine lady. But a boy can make even these of none effect, for one such creature was getting well when suddenly his thermometer began to tell strange tales. The fact was that he liked the rest and diet of the school infirmary, so in his nurse's absence he put the thermometer into his cup of tea.

It is well known that the late Sir Victor Brooke died mainly from the effects of over-exertion in physical exercise, in which he was apparently absolutely tireless. A somewhat similar case is recorded of a well-known English sportsman in Virginia, the owner of a fine grazing estate in the West. He had been tracking bears with three companions all day in the snow. His friends left him at dusk in sight of his house, their ways diverging. Next morning he was found, within a hundred yards of the place where he was left, sitting dead in the snow, with his gun across his knees. It appeared that, besides being an ardent hunter, he was a noted cross-country runner, and had lately run a "Marathon race" of twenty-four miles over two ranges of hills in a minute over three hours. We hope the "Marathon race" will not catch on in this country. It is as nearly certain suicide as ballooning to the Pole.

The new volume of the sound "Encyclopædia of Sport" contains a very curious note on the habits of lions, by Mr. F. C. Selous, part of an excellent article on modern lion-hunting. When the lion has killed an animal, it opens the skin at the soft part where the thigh joins the body, and then carefully draws out all the paunch, intestines, etc., and drags them to a little distance. It then digs a hole, and buries the offal, being, as the writer remarks, far more careful to make a cleanly meal than the Kaffirs when given an animal to prepare for food.

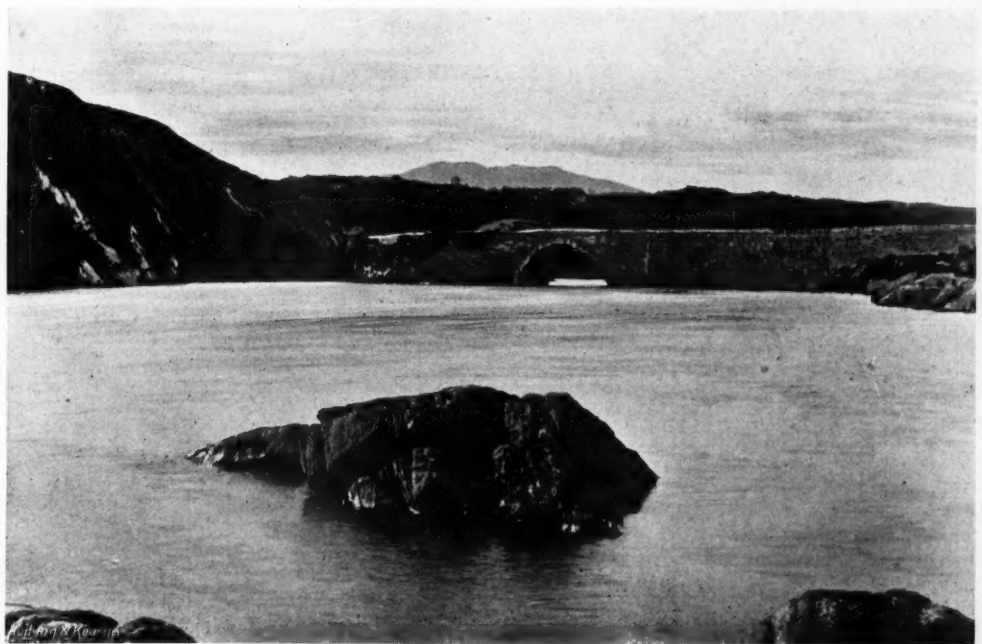
There have been all too many accounts of late of murderous attacks on gamekeepers by poachers whom they were in the act of arresting. There is generally something about the poacher's lawless mode of livelihood that attracts our fancy. We like to think of him as one who has a genuine love of sport, which circumstances forbid his exercising within the pale of the law, so that he must perforce take the added risks and excitements that are outside that sacred enclosure. Very possibly this is not a very truthful picture that our fancy draws for us, but we like to contemplate it nevertheless. But when it comes to a case of murderous ruffians armed with revolvers, and not hesitating to attempt the lives of those who are only doing their duty in arresting them, then we come face to face with a very different sort of gentleman indeed. The keeper is the poacher's natural enemy, but he is not his mortal enemy. There ought to be some recognised rules in this as in every other game where players are opposed to each other. Hard blows, with fisticuffs, in the endeavour to escape are, we take it, a fair part of this necessarily rather ungentle game, but when it comes to the use of knives and revolvers all possible sympathy with the poacher vanishes. And it is asking too much of a keeper to meet ruffians likely to carry, and use, such arms. Unless the law can find

some means of throttling these desperadoes, the difficulty of finding keepers may increase proportionately. There are brave men in plenty, but these are risks that we are hardly justified in asking a brave servant to run for us. The "cat" seems to be the weapon most likely to be efficacious for his protection.

English game preservers in one of the Home Counties, where their only outside help is the Poaching Prevention Act, administered by a police who, in turn, take their initiative from the supervision of a chief constable over eighty years of age, will envy the Americans their clever game warden. Receivers are of course the main instigators of serious poaching there, as here. There was reason to believe that great quantities of illegally killed game were shipped, or sold, to Chicago dealers. On one poacher was found a letter from a Chicago firm telling him what they would pay for illegally killed venison (16 cents per lb.) and partridges, for which 4½ dol. a dozen was offered. The man also had on him address "tags" to another name than that of the firm, and on these "tags" he was instructed to place initials showing that he was to be credited with the price. The warden annexed the "tags," wrote a bogus letter from Wisconsin, and trapped the receivers.

LOCH CONN, COUNTY MAYO.

IT is a glorious lake—nine miles of it—as blue as the eyes of the Irish maidens, as bright and sparkling as their country's wit, and as ample in its proportions as the Irish acre and the Irish mile. When we each possess three acres and a cow, I shall certainly ask that mine may be located on the shores of Loch Conn. "I love it! I love it!" as Miss Eliza Cook did her old arm-chair; and "no one shall chide me," for no one knows of this my favourite playground—it is an unknown land to the great British Public. Perhaps in the dim distant future hotels and villas may stud its shores, and steamers ply up and down its waters, when the West of Ireland shall have been discovered as a holiday resort; but it won't be in my time. The ordinary middle-class English matron has a vague idea that Ireland is a dangerous place to visit, where a malignant peasantry spend their time "potting" passers-by from behind stone walls. Or if they do adventure themselves in the distressful country, they keep to the beaten track of Dublin, Killarney, Glengarriff, Cork, or Belfast and the Giant's Causeway. But this lovely lake, though unknown to tourists, is by



P. Knox-Gore.

PONTOON BRIDGE

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no means a desert; the iron rails span its waters; it is but fifteen hours from London, by an excellent service of rail and boat; wild mountain scenery alternates with well-kept domains belonging to substantial country houses, with land as fertile and prosperous-looking as one would expect to find in the Sister Isle. There is one estate bordering Loch Conn that comes to my mind, where the tenants live and flourish on their tiny farms from generation to generation, and form quite a model community—I had almost said in spite of Land Bills and Land Leagues; but certainly their happiness and prosperity are in no way attributable to these latter-day features of Irish life, but were fostered long ago by a beneficent landlord.

But the great beauty of the lake lies not in its fertile lands and smiling farms, but where the mountains, woods, and rocks reflected in its glassy surface form an entrancing picture, whose charm could only be rendered perfectly by Peter Graham's brush or the descriptive pen of Black. I feel sadly inadequate to the task, and, though the photographs represent faithfully the outlines of the landscape, colour is perforce absent. There are no



P. Knox-Gore.

A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

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muddy margins to this lake; it is edged either by strands of silver or yellow sand; or the rocks, without any intervention of beach, stand right out into the clear water, clothed sometimes with heather and lichen, sometimes in bare ruggedness of granite. The woods are the beautiful natural Irish wood of oak, holly, birch, and mountain ash, with undergrowth of woodbine, heather, and bilberries. Above the woods and rocks rise mountains which are studies in colouring: some purple with heather, some velvety green shading into brown where the boggy land creeps up the mountain-side. Highest of all, Nephin, 2,646ft. high, hides his head in the clouds, or perchance wears a veil of filmy vapour just below his highest peak.



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CORRICOSLA BRIDGE.

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In this far-away corner of Mayo many old customs still prevail. The inhabitants of Glass Island (where a few years ago English was an unknown tongue) are ruled, and all disputes settled, by their "headman," whose office is hereditary in one family. Among these hardy islanders linger still a clannish reverence and affection for their landlord and chieftain; that the sympathy is mutual is shown by the following incident, which happened some few years since. The proprietor, who also owns the model estate already referred to, one winter's night dreamed such a vivid dream of his island tenants being in distress, that he got up early and sent to the nearest town for

supplies to be despatched to them at once. Soon after a deputation from Glass Island arrived to petition for help, and was surprised to find it already on its way. By this time a storm had arisen; the boat managed with difficulty to reach the island with its precious freight, but it was weeks before it could leave again. So, but for the aid that arrived so promptly, the inhabitants must almost have starved, for their potatoes had been a bad crop, and were finished; and, with the Irishman's usual absence of care for the morrow, they left it to the last moment to apply for assistance.

What a curious existence, judged by our ideas, a life on this island must be! Sometimes cut off by rough waters from all their fellow-creatures, how long the winters must seem. How the periodical visits of the priest, the only visitor to be relied on, must be looked forward to. The summer, when communication with the mainland is once more easy, when the lake has its visitors, fishermen and ladies too, staying at the fishing lodges and little hotels, must seem quite gay compared with the lonely winter, though I can't think a place is ever quite dull where there is a lake or the sea to give interest and variety to the surroundings. Loch Conn, as most others, has its swift changes from calm to storm. The extent is so great that the waves have room to gather volume and strength, almost emulating those of the Atlantic, which is not very far away.

The salmon-fishing is excellent, and is well known to anglers. I think any fisherman or artist with much enthusiasm would soon be as much in love with the lake as I am. For a botanist, too, this Western country is full of interest. The beautiful grass of Parnassus, sundew, butterwort, and a host of lovely ferns, some of them rare, abound in the district. The English stranger will find the natives courteous and entertaining, and after some weeks' stay will be able to go home and speak with authority on the Irish Question. Glass Island used to be famous for illicit stills for the manufacture of "poteen" (whiskey which pays no duty), but this is one of the old customs which have died out. Ireland will soon be as quiet and humdrum as the rest of the world. Those who wish to see it before all traces of the country depicted in the pages of Lever's novels are obliterated in the young Ireland of to-day, had better lose no time in visiting these Western Highlands.

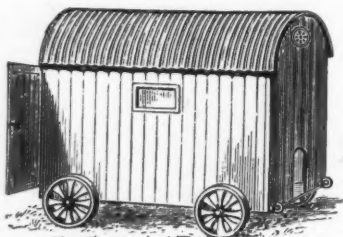
OCTAVIA K. ONSLOW.

PROFITABLE POULTRY.

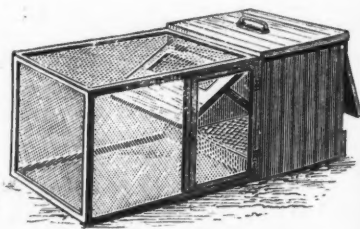
THE importance of the poultry question is one that is scarcely capable of being over-estimated when the vast amount of money which is expended by the inhabitants of this country with the foreigner for eggs alone is seriously considered. At the same time, it unfortunately appears to be only too evident that the majority of Britons are either indisposed to devote their energies to the production of profitable poultry, or else too conservative in their views to adopt the necessary measures which command success. There nevertheless exists a class of persons upon whom the science of poultry raising exercises a sort of fascination, and in most instances these enthusiasts contrive to secure the best results, as there can exist no sort of doubt that both fancy and utility fowls can be made to pay well, provided that the operations of their owner are conducted upon a practical and economical basis. At present, however, there is no intention to treat in these columns of the purely fancy breeds, which have ample justice done to them in other quarters, but at the same time the two varieties, utility and

fancy, are associated sufficiently closely to render some allusions to the latter a matter of necessity. It is therefore by no means desirable that those who decide upon attempting the experiment of poultry breeding upon a large scale for market purposes, should commence their operations under the influence of feelings which are antagonistic to their friends who prefer to raise birds for the show pen; indeed it would be ungenerous of them to do so, for the occasionally much-maligned "fancier" has not only produced several useful breeds by judicious crossing, but has also devoted some attention to the older varieties which have been neglected by the British farmer and country resident.

Assuming, therefore, that those who purpose establishing themselves as poultry raisers will commence their labours at peace with all the world, it may in the first instance be suggested that they will be acting wisely if they decline to be led away by all the flowery reports they may receive regarding the enormous profits derived from that class of poultry farm which is



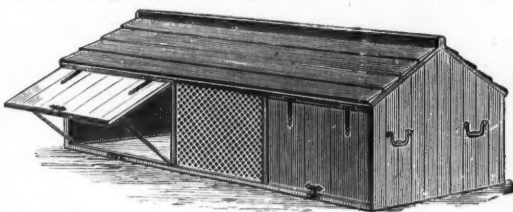
A PORTABLE FOWL HOUSE.



A SITTING-BOX, WITH RUN.

conducted upon the principle of confining a large number of birds upon a comparatively small area of ground. It is so encouraging to the beginner to be able to base his calculations upon mathematics, and to argue that if twenty fowls will thrive in an enclosure 20yds. by 5yds., 2,000 birds will do equally well in a space a hundred times as great; but the fact remains that they will not. The dire misfortunes which have overwhelmed many worthy persons who have conducted their business upon such lines, are proofs positive of the correctness of this assertion; whilst it may be added that the balance-sheets of many a so-called poultry farm will ill bear picking to pieces by practical accountants. As a rule, no labour is charged for in such documents, and it is often found that any deductions on the profit account for depreciation of capital, interest of money invested, rent, the necessary cleansing and repairing of the runs and houses, and, above all, for the cost of collecting the eggs and packing and forwarding them to market, are omitted. Consequently the average statement of account which is published by those who keep large numbers of fowls in confinement is apt to be delusive, and will be accepted by the wise man with suspicion.

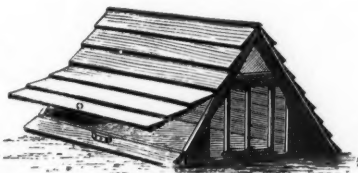
On the other hand, most satisfactory results have been obtained by those who, having enough ground at their disposal, have elected to carry out the wise practice of dividing their birds into flocks, and locating each in a field by itself, thereby constituting a series of separate colonies. Under such conditions,



A PORTABLE SHELTER FROM SUN AND WET.

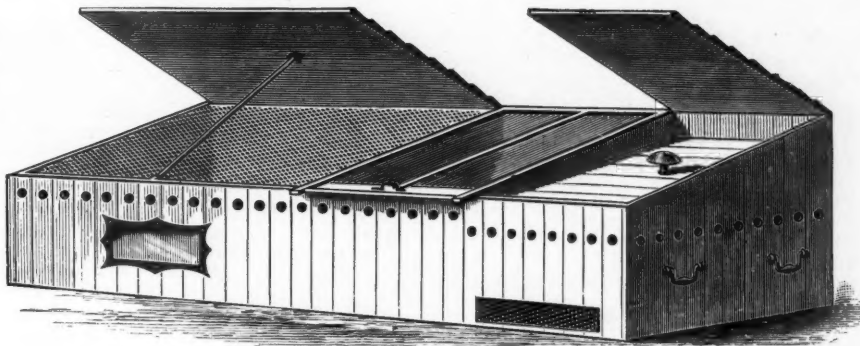
assuming that the birds are kept far enough apart, they will be living under far more natural and healthy conditions, and will consequently be less liable to suffer from the epidemics which devastate the crowded runs, whilst a great additional advantage that will be gained will be the lessening of expense in the erection of houses and wire-work for runs. All that poultry kept as recommended will require is a portable house for each colony, similar in design to that illustrated, the zinc roof of which is laid on boards, and which can be moved from field to field as desired, and some effective, portable shelters to screen them from the sun, wind, and rain during the daytime. There is, of course, a certain amount of risk to be incurred, in the shape of the depredations of thieves and vermin; but if the fowls are securely fastened in their shed at night, and the house is strongly built, these are not much greater than they would be under any circumstances.

Having decided upon establishing his poultry colonies, the breeder in prospective will have many arrangements to make before he proceeds to the purchase of his stock. In the first



A CHEAP BUT USEFUL COOP.

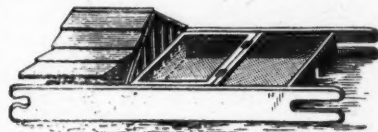
place he will have to consider the peculiarities of the birds he proposes keeping, as the influence of climate and the nature of the soil affect the health and productiveness of many varieties of poultry. These matters, however, will be attended to later on, when the characteristics of the most valuable utility fowls are considered; but in the meanwhile, assuming that the amateur is starting his farm in the autumn—which is the best time of the year, as he will thereby have got everything in order by the commencement of the breeding season—he will have to supply himself with the necessary appliances. Foremost amongst these will be nesting-boxes for his hens, the accompanying illustration being that of a very ingeniously-designed one, which is provided with a door at the back and a small wire run in front. The latter is not a necessity by any means, but when many hens are being set it is useful, inasmuch as it saves the owner the trouble of taking the hen off her eggs, as it enables her to come off and feed when she feels disposed, and yet prevents her straying away. It will also be necessary for the beginner to invest in a sufficient number of coops, of which several illustrations are given, that with the run in front being extremely useful, as it affords a protection from the attacks of vermin and birds of prey, which are the inveterate foes of the poultry breeder; whilst a chicken rearer will be found most



IMPROVED CHICKEN REARER.

useful for housing young and delicate birds, and quite indispensable if an incubator is used upon the premises. Finally, it will be necessary to provide some shelter for the birds during the daytime in bad weather, as they should be discouraged as much as possible from hanging about the shed and annoying the laying birds, and for this purpose a low portable shed, such as that illustrated, is admirably adapted; this and all the other sketches of appliances being kindly supplied to us by Spratt's Patent, Limited.

(To be continued.)



A COOP WITH RUN FOR CHICKENS.

STRANGE FODDER.

IN speaking as we do of "the digestion of an ostrich," we do the native home-grown cow a grave injustice; the bird can undoubtedly swallow many things that are not usually articles of animal diet without ill effect, which latter property the cow does not possess, and on which account all the more praise is due to her for her splendid martyrdom for the sake of her reputation as a swallower.

A farmer at Axminster last year lost several valuable cows who had been grazing upon some rich, lush leaden bullets picked up in a field adjacent to a shooting range; one has heard of "fire-eating colonels" many times, but the bullet-eating cow is a decided novelty. A cow, a native of Porthcawl, early this summer succumbed to an attack of indigestion occasioned by a too generous feed of army buttons, rusty nails, and boot protectors; the deceased was also a capitalist to the extent of one farthing, but it is doubtful if probate was taken out by her executors and assigns on account of this fortune.

Last July the Burgess Hill Urban Council were the defendants in a case in which the plaintiff claimed £5, the value of a cow who died from the effects of over-eating. It was alleged that the council had left in the neighbourhood of the cow amongst other rubbish a battered but succulent umbrella, which no self-respecting cow could resist. The cow ate the delicious dainty, and, smacking its lips to show that it had fared well, moo-ed a last farewell and died, hence the legal action.

Early last year it was reported in a Berlin newspaper that a master butcher, when he had slaughtered a procrastinator—procrastination is the thief of time—made a startling discovery. Inside the depredator's stomach was found a silver watch, which, according to a local watchmaker, was still in excellent condition. From whom the cow had stolen the watch, and how she managed to digest it, no man could hazard a guess, but it is very certain that the time-keeper had not inconvenienced her, for on coming to an untimely end at the hands of the butcher her condition was found to be excellent. Had she been an American cow her digestive organism would have wound up the watch (a keyless one) nightly, and it would have been found to be still ticking when discovered by the butcher, but for a Teuton cow the feat was decidedly good.

What the United States calf can do at a pinch is exemplified by the action of a beast on the estate of Mr. J. Blancingame, of Texas, who, having sold a herd of cattle for 470dol., carelessly threw his coat containing the money on the ground. A calf coming that way saw the green bills, and instantly became a monied calf; but his hour of triumph was of the shortest, for his second metamorphosis that day was into veal. The partly-masticated fodder was recovered, transported to the Treasury, and after divers sworn statements were made, the chewed bills were replaced by new bank-notes.

Early last year an Aberdeen trawler landed a halibut weighing about 8st., which on being cut open revealed a salmon measuring 3ft. in length, weighing 20lb. This remarkable "swallow," we learn, "rather upsets the contention of some that salmon never go to the bottom of the sea, while others hold that halibut never rise to the surface." The presence of the salmon can be understood, but what a mackerel could do with a silver teaspoon inside him it is difficult to guess. Nevertheless, a misguided mackerel, on being cut up for dinner by the wife of a staff-sergeant of the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers last May, was found to contain that useful adjunct to the teacup.

Charley, the Windsor railway-station collecting dog, died last September, and a post-mortem examination revealed six pennies, eleven halfpennies, and several stones that he had stored away in an inside pocket for a rainy day. Charley was a great collector, and if collecting ability and ability to swallow go together, then the hen killed at Opalopolis, New South Wales, last January, and whose gizzard revealed one threepenny bit, one bone overcoat button, six metal trouser buttons, two brass-headed tacks, about five dozen metal sprigs (for boots), and divers opal chips, missed her vocation when she decided that her object in life should be to contribute a matutinal egg daily; she ought to have been a collector in a church.

A Melbourne paper recently recorded the death of a rat who had attacked

a stack of bulky law volumes and ate his way steadily through several of them, only to finally succumb to a particularly indigestible volume, entitled "The Acts Interpretations Act," but a still stranger story of an eccentric turkey of home growth was recorded about Christmas-time two years ago. A gentleman purchased the gobbler at a West End shop, and taking it home with him, told his cook to pay particular attention to the cooking of the gizzard, a favourite tit-bit of his. Whilst cutting the gizzard the cook's knife was blunted by some hard substance, and after further excavations a remarkably fine pearl came to view. The owner of the turkey hurried back to the shop, with the idea of purchasing the remainder of the stock, but the last bird had been sold in the meanwhile. After the jewel had been valued at fifteen guineas, and the story had got about, there was such a run on the turkeys sold by that particular tradesman that he had to apprise his customers that he could not guarantee all the birds to be jewelled.



TWO changes in the personnel of the higher journalism call for some little observation. Firstly, Mr. Rowland Prothero, having relinquished the editorship of the *Quarterly Review* in order to become the agent of a great estate, is succeeded by his brother, Professor of History at a Scottish University. That one brother should succeed another in a position of this kind is, I imagine, almost an unprecedented occurrence. Even more striking is the sudden change of life for Mr. Rowland Prothero. From literature to land is indeed a sudden migration. But it may be taken almost for certain that Mr. Rowland Prothero will do well in his new walk of life, for the most important requisites for the management of a great estate are administrative ability and power to judge character; and he has shown both the one and the other in editing the *Quarterly*.

Very important is the sale of the *Saturday Review* to Lord Hardwicke, the retirement of Mr. Frank Harris from the position of editor, and the appointment of Mr. Hodge as the new editor. The recent history of the *Saturday Review* has been full of interest to the students of popular taste in literature. Ten years ago those who did not know the inner secrets of journalism would have said, and no doubt did say, that no literary property was more firmly established than the "*Saturday*." It slashed, it cut with stinging lash, it was cynical; but it was amusing. Indeed, under the guidance of Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, who enjoyed the able assistance of Mr. Saintsbury, it published many articles which were a joy for ever. Then, quite suddenly, came the startling news that the well-known journal had passed into the hands of a lawyer for a very small price. The new owner did not keep it long enough to impress any stamp of individuality upon it, but sold it at a vastly enhanced price to Mr. Frank Harris.

From Mr. Harris great things were expected. He was known for a dashing, almost a reckless, journalist, of great natural ability, and of the most adventurous disposition. Moreover, the moment of purchase was, if memory serves me correctly, immediately subsequent to the publication of that very striking book, "*Elder Conklin*." But, apart from the mere question of finance, which does not interest me, the *Saturday Review* did not rise in the esteem of the world under Mr. Harris. It devoted a great deal of attention to City affairs, of which one sees enough and more than enough in the daily papers, it relinquished the supercilious but scholarly tone of old days, it became the vehicle of personal journalism, which, clever as it was, grew monotonous. One admired the eccentric brilliancy of "*G. B. S.*," for example, but one always knew the kind of thing that he would say. Simultaneously, and perhaps consequently, the *Spectator* went ahead, and is likely to stay there. Sober, thorough, sententious sometimes, and a supporter of the old fashion of anonymous writing, it has secured a very high place in the esteem of the best people. And now, it is said, the *Saturday Review* is to return to something of its old style; and its old admirers, who are still numerous in the land, will be glad to hear the news.

Before me lies a pretty little book, "*Dante's Garden*," by Rosemary Cotes (Methuen). It is so slight in form that it is itself little more than a literary note; but it is a true note and a sweet. Miss Cotes has studied the *Divina Commedia*, doubtless, from many points of view, but she has also paid special attention to Dante's poetical use of flowers; firstly, for their colours; secondly, for their emblematical significance; thirdly, for the love he bore to them. The legends collected are very pretty and interesting, and many of them are new to me. Here are some fragments concerning the olive, the token of peace: It grew from the grave of our first parent; the dove brought it as a sign of peace to Noah; the inscription upon the Cross was upon an olive tablet; in Italy the olive is a talisman against sorcery; in Venetia it is a safeguard against storms; the birds fed with oil from their beaks the lamps which were kept burning at the Church of St. Katherine—and Dante crowned Beatrice with the olive. Then we have the sweet tradition connected with the Veronica or Speedwell, and legends associated with many flowers and trees. The book may be summed up as being not, indeed, a treasure-house, but a jewel-case of pretty tradition and legend connected with flowers.

Mr. Kipling's articles on the Navy, which appeared a week or two since in the *Morning Post*, very properly attracted a great deal of attention, for they were marked by masterly skill in close observation. There are still left in this busy world men who have the patience to collect newspaper cuttings and to paste them into scrap-books. They are rewarded by the possession of these in their original form: but the mass of men will learn with pleasure, that Messrs. Macmillan will shortly issue the letters in book form.

"Do prolific authors tire the public?" That is the last of the ingenious problems which the *Academy* is attempting to solve by canvassing the leading booksellers. The true answer is not far to seek. Some authors tire the public because they are far more prolific of books than of ideas. Where a writer is capable of producing new plots, vigorous characters, and fresh situations *ad libitum*, he may also write *ad libitum* without fear of wearying his public; for the voracious reader will consume at least fifty times as much fiction as a novelist is physically capable of producing in a year. But when the same old

plot is transferred from scene to scene, and the same old characters appear in a series of costumes, the literary meal grows monotonous.

"The Man of Kent," under which signature a well-known man of letters lurks as undisguised as Mrs. Craigie under that of "John Oliver Hobbes," asserts, no doubt in good faith, that he has evidence in his possession demonstrating the existence of "organised conspiracies to destroy the reputation of books and authors. There are cliques of which certain journalists are at the head. They employ their own bravos." That the writer in the *British Weekly* has evidence I do not doubt. That he is mistaken in his interpretation I doubt even less. The average critic's difficulty in life is to find something to praise.

Cut off in the prime of life, Mr. Gleeson White (to whose services to the world of taste attention has been called in this column) had not time to make adequate provision for his wife and children. The Gleeson White Memorial Fund, contributions for which may be sent to Mr. H. R. Hope-Pinker, at 22, Avonmore Road, West Kensington, is therefore eminently deserving of support.

Books to order from the library:—

- "Animals of To-day." C. J. Cornish. (Seeley.)
- "The Companions of Pickle." Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)
- "The Five Windows of the Soul." E. H. Aitken. (Murray.)
- "An Old English Village and its Dependencies." S. Baring Gould. (Methuen.)
- "The Open Question." C. E. Raimond. (Heinemann.)
- "Love is Not so Light." Constance Cotterell. (Unwin.)
- "The Refiner's Fire." M. Hockliffe. (Cassell.)
- "A Lear of the Steppes." Ivan Turgenev; translated by Mrs. Garnett. (Heinemann.)

LOOKER-ON.

ON THE GREEN.

LAST week's weather made golf sometimes impossible and seldom pleasant, but on the previous Saturday at Ilkley Harry and Tom Vardon had a good day enough for their fratricidal contest, in which the champion brother had so heavy an advantage by no less than nine up and seven to play. But he played terrible golf. His second round of 74, in spite of a loss of two strokes at the seventh hole, was a record for the green, and his morning round was only two strokes more. Tom was quite a match for his champion brother at the long game, both through the green and from the tee, but the champion is playing all parts of the game with extraordinary confidence, and confidence tells more in the short than in the long game. Also he has played, and played successfully, such a series of competitions and exhibition matches lately that it is impossible to conceive an occasion that would give his nerves the slightest flutter. His less famous brother, on the contrary, has had comparatively little of this hardening process. There is no doubt that Harry Vardon is now the better player, as indeed he is, perhaps, better than any other man living; but for all that, before his first championship win, at Muirfield, most people were inclined to look on Tom as the stronger of the brothers. Probably this general view was quite correct, but the moment Harry Vardon won the championship he became *ipso facto*, and, by reason of the confidence that that win gave him, a stronger player than he had been before. Nevertheless, even since that—on the occasion of their last meeting, if we remember right—Tom beat Harry. We believe that Tom had the advantage of being on his home green on that occasion. But Harry, by his second championship win this year and extraordinary run of success, has gained so much both on Tom and on every other man, including his former self, that when anyone does beat him, as Taylor lately did at West Bromwich, it is quite an event. In any case Harry had far the better of Tom at Ilkley, winning the morning round by six and the long match by nine.

Park has at length put his challenge to the champion in such a form that the latter could hardly help accepting it. In saying which, however, let us not be thought to tax him with any lack of readiness to do so. Hitherto Vardon has rather shied at what seemed the inevitable outcome of his acceptance—that part of the match would be played at Musselburgh. Now that Park has proposed a match to be played for the one part at North Berwick, and for the other at any green of Vardon's choice, the latter had no reason to demur, and has promptly wired his acceptance, naming his own green at Ganton, near Scarborough, as the arena for the second half of the match. It will be played accordingly in the month of July, thirty-six holes at North Berwick, and thirty-six a fortnight later at Ganton. There can be no doubt about the interest that will be taken in it. The very fact that Park's challenge, in one form or other, has been so long in the air, has roused expectation to a greater pitch than if it had been accepted forthwith. The only thing that we see to regret is that the match will not take place at an earlier date. Golf knows no seasons, both men are known to be in splendid form at the present time, and the genius of golf is so capricious that possibly it may have deserted, for the time being, even those past-masters after the lapse of so many months.

We see that Mr. P. C. Anderson, once amateur champion, who left Scotland for his health's sake and went to Australia, is keeping up his game in the colony. He has just won the amateur championship of Geelong in scores that are quite worthy of his form at home. In the midst of the gales and torrents of the latter end of November, golf was played "wi' deeficulty," and competition scores ran high. A good performance on the part of Mr. S. H. Fry on the Ashdown Forest green is recorded on the occasion of the team match between the Seaford and Ashdown Forest Clubs. Although it was Mr. Fry's first view of the course, he was round in a fine score of 76, and only beaten by a single hole by Mr. Horace Hutchinson, in spite of the latter player's familiar knowledge of the green. On the whole, the Ashdown Forest Club won by a heavy balance of holes. On the previous day a team of the same club had scored a victory over a team of the Brighton and Hove Club, on the latter's green.

Our Portrait Illustration.

LADY LOUTH, whose picture forms our frontispiece, appears as the wife of an Irish Peer should, in a riding habit. She is the daughter of Mr. Edmund Hooke Wilson Bellairs, Her Majesty's Consul at Biarritz, and was married in 1890 to Randal Pilgrim Ralph Plunkett, fourteenth Baron Louth. Louth Hall, Ardee, County Louth, is the seat of Lord and Lady Louth.



CHIDDINGSTONE,

KENT.

IF it is ever of interest to find a production of Art or Nature that is absolutely perfect, that is an interest that peculiarly belongs to the village of Chiddingstone. This village of Chiddingstone lies off the highways—the thoroughfares. It is in that corner of Kent in which villages are particularly apt to be artistic and picturesque. It is close to the famous Penshurst, within, that is to say, two or three miles. But if a man should wish to go there, which there seems no reason that a man should wish to do, unless, like Dr. Syntax, he is on tour in search of the picturesque.

the better station on the railway is, perhaps, Edenbridge, more to the north, though not so near. Still, it is a place of more pretensions, more flies—in the job-master's, not in the entomologist's sense. But at best this is a bad country to get about in—a country of tremendous hills. It is all very well when you want to go along a line of the valleys—as the railways go, in the line of least resistance—but it is when you want to go across the ridges that your troubles begin. "This hill is dangerous for cyclists," is the fulminating

notice of the Cyclists' Touring Club that thrills you on gaining the top of each successive ridge. So if you have pushed your machine up one side of the ridge you have, no less, to lead it down the other—a weariness of the flesh.

And then you turn aside off the main road a little to go to Chiddingstone. And after reading the name for many a mile on the sign-posts, you begin asking yourself, "Where the mischief is this village, that must be of important size since the sign-posts signalled it so far off?" You ask yourself this,

and go on asking it of yourself, until suddenly you find yourself in a very astonishing little place. On one side of the road there is a church—a pretty, even a handsome, but not a very remarkable church; and on the other side of the road are some half-dozen houses, and these are very remarkable indeed. Every one of them is remarkable singly; they are so much the more remarkable as a whole—as a little row, as their numbers are; and



Frith and Co.

CHIDDINGSTONE CASTLE.

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that which is most remarkable of all is that they are not spoiled; the whole effect is not marred by the presence of any single



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PICTURESQUE CHIDDINGSTONE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE END OF THE STREET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A DELIGHTFUL HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE CHIDING STONE

"COUNTRY LIFE."

interloping house that is not remarkable.

This church on the one side, and these half-dozen houses or cottages on the other, are, in fact, Chiddingstone; and when you realise this it becomes only the more surprising that the signposts should have begun to tell you about Chiddingstone so far away, so far off even as Cowden, which is a station you might go to to reach it. And this long-foretelling of so tiny a place is evidence of another pleasant fact in the constitution of our fellow-countrymen. We may surely take it as evidence that a great many of them have wished to see, and have actually seen, this tiny village. It cannot have been its commercial importance that attracted them, it must have been its picturesque beauties. There is hope for the British Philistine yet.

That is a pleasant reflection that is likely to occur to us as we stand in the Chiddingstone main street, the High Street, the only street, of thirty yards long. It is closed, at the far end, by the iron gates of CHIDDINGSTONE CASTLE. But just before reaching the iron gates, just opposite the Castle Inn, the road turns sharply and steeply away, and leads, eventually, to Edenbridge, past other scattered oddments that are still Chiddingstone. But, for all that, the whole of Chiddingstone, for all purposes of practical interest, is here in these half-dozen houses, in this tiny High Street. It is like a little village in a nutshell. It is tiny, it is complete, it is unique.

It is unique because it is so complete, and no doubt it is so complete just because it is so tiny. All the houses are "specimen houses," so to speak of them. Of course it is not possible, in this nineteenth century, that there could be a town, or even a village of respectable size, made up of such houses. But there can be a Chiddingstone. There is one such village—only one—and that one is a little wonder.

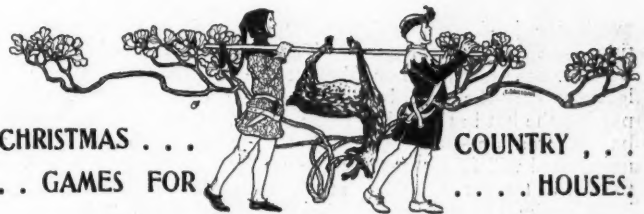
An illustration given here is of the not very remarkable CHURCH, of which it is perhaps not kind to speak so slightly, seeing that it would seem of beauty not altogether unremarkable but for the rest of the village across the way. The lych gate, even here, is remarkably attractive. The style of the architecture is a mixture of the Early English and the Jacobean, and a striking feature is the beautiful reredos. There are many memorials of the Streatfeild family within the church, and Captain Henry Streatfeild is the present lord of the manor and owner of Chiddingstone Castle.

The second illustration is of the entire village of PICTURESQUE CHIDDINGSTONE, though this is not to say that other details of the village are not beautiful, in their little Kentish way, with their bright little gardens; but it is not the interesting beauty of this unique row of houses in which the old use of the woodwork appears so well. The Castle Inn itself, of which the sign only, and not the doorway, is seen, has wooden pillars of remarkable beauty at its entry. The style of those pillars, however, is more or less shown in the fourth illustration, exhibiting, perhaps, the finest example of all the woodwork in the buildings, which is so remarkable in this short row of houses. It is altogether A DELIGHTFUL HOUSE, with its door pillars helping to support the room above and the lattice windows and the gables. It is a perfect specimen. Even quainter, may be, in its humbler

style is the house, almost adjacent, shown in another illustration, with its seventeenth century date of building inscribed on it and its heart-shaped devices many times repeated. It is *A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY* that one cannot tell here.

And then there is *THE CHIDING STONE*, that is said to be godfather to the whole village—to have given it its name. But what the name of the stone itself means, or is derived from, seems to be a secret buried in the darkest of mysteries, for all the folk-lore attached to it seems but foolishness. There it is, however, an immense thing, in Captain Streatfeild's park, and it is called the Chiding Stone. Some say it is a Druidical monument, and associated with ancient rites of human sacrifice. It may be. It looks rather like an immense golf ball left teed up, as a monument of their puissance, by some Titans of the Stone Age. It is interesting, and as enigmatic as the Sphinx.

This village of Chiddingstone is truly to be called typical—typical of the ideal of what an English village should be and might be, but made in a type, a mould, that was broken, as it would seem, when this single and unique village—accepting, in the sense of the village at large, that portion of it which we have portrayed as “picturesque Chiddingstone”—was formed in it. No other village that we know has come so complete out of the mould. Only portions of the type, in a village here and a village there, have been able to leave their impressions. Chiddingstone as a tiny whole is complete and unique.

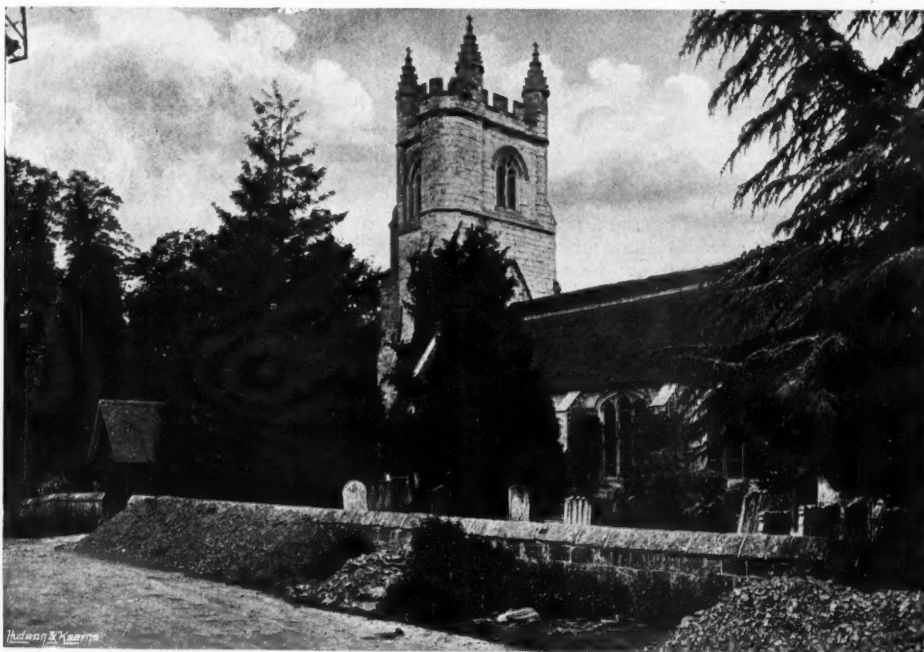


CHRISTMAS COUNTRY . . .
 . . GAMES FOR HOUSES.

AT a country house Christmas gathering there is surely no kindlier impersonation that Father Christmas or Santa Claus can take to himself than that of a young man or woman who is able to take the lead in games in the way both of action and of invention. It is almost necessary that this good genius of the party should be possessed of the divine gift of youth, which—strange as it may be to say it—is not given to everyone. It is not given to everyone even in the young days to have that abounding energy of muscle, brain, and nerve which goes to make a leader of men, or women, even in such byways of social life as this. We may all be able to have brilliant inspirations, but it requires a special gift to be able to make others share them and appreciate their brilliancy. This Santa Claus of the Christmas party—not necessarily a present-giving Santa Claus, but a laughter-giving and a pleasure-giving Santa Claus—will lead the whole party at his heels, or her heels, as the case may be, during all the week of Yuletide revel.

All this does not apply so much to the outdoor games and pastimes—the hunting, the shooting, the golf, the tobogganing, the skating, the hockey on the ice and field, possibly even rounders, spiropole (that afflicting game, for those who do not understand it, which the irreverent call bumble-puppy), or hand or bat fives. We mention this game of fives because, though so few country houses have anything like a fives court tacked on to them, so many of them, with a very little expense and trouble, might have one tacked on. There is scarcely a house with tolerably large outbuildings where a corner of two blank walls might not be coaxed into the makings of a court with a third wall thrown out and a floor of concrete laid. Such a deal can be done in that way with any sum in the neighbourhood of £50, and a deal more than that value of fun can be got out of such a court in a very short time.

But it is not so much in connection with these outdoor and fully-recognised games that we appreciate the value of this Santa Claus, the master of the revels. The outdoor games are ready organised; guests know their places and their business, the master of the house naturally takes the lead. It is rather in the indoor pastimes—time that has to be passed between sundown and dinner, and again from dinner till bedtime—that Santa Claus comes like the good angel with gifts more precious than Christmas-boxes in his sack. Of course an immense deal of his efficiency will depend on the means at his disposal—he can do a deal more in a house where there is a billiard table than where this principal instrument of indoor game-playing is absent; but it is so much the more credit to him to make good games without apparatus, as it is to the artist to achieve his design in few and simple strokes. The principle of competition is ever young in people. It does not so much matter what the game is, provided you can persuade them into a keen rivalry. Puff and dart or air-gun shooting are excellent indoor games, and fine training for the eye besides when it comes to more serious shooting. A very excellent game is that of throwing cards into a hat—a high hat set up on its top and cards to be pitched into it from a distance of five, ten, or fifteen yards, according to the talents of the players. It is a game that requires an infinity of skill and practice for



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THE CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

excellence in it, a peculiarly supple wrist and a sense of timing—a really good game. The afflicting part of it is the trouble of picking up the cards that are scattered like autumnal leaves about the hat, but this trouble can be lessened by putting the hat in the middle of a sheet, so that the cards can be gathered up wholesale, with the sheet, at the end. The uninitiated will fail to put a single card out of the fifty-two into the hat at ten yards, while a master may put in thirteen running. That is the best succession that the present writer has seen. No doubt a professional conjurer would put in all the pack. Knuckle-bones, most ancient of games, is another very good one, and again a game at which the inefficiency of the tyro is in extraordinary contrast with the skill of the practised hand. It is a game as good as it is ancient—there is question among antiquarians whether this or the game of chess delighted the earlier infancy of the world.

These are games of real skill. It is hardly needful to say that if our Santa Claus be an amateur conjurer of any talent, his ability to entertain is increased indefinitely. Without being anything of a conjurer, he may find that a few "mystification games," so to call them, played with the aid of a fellow-conspirator, will intrigue (in the French sense) the company immensely. No doubt there will be one or two who know the tricks, but probably they will be loyal enough to the cause of the general entertainment not to disclose the mysteries. One of the best of these games is the "magic wand"—walking-stick, paper-cutter, or whatever it may be. One conspirator goes out of the room; the fellow-conspirator with the wand points it, in a circuitous travel, at each member of the company in turn, finally letting it rest for a while on one. Then he takes down the wand, the other conspirator comes in, and instantly, without any communication with the wand-bearer, names the person at whom the wand had remained pointing. This can be repeated as often as the company wish. Each time it is a different person that the wand-bearer points at. Never is there any indication of transmission of ideas between the fellow-conspirators. Of course there will be the usual jargon talked of thought-transference, etc., to darken counsel and to explain why any other than the person selected should not bear the wand. "We are in peculiar sympathy with each other"; "I feel that he can influence me so that I can read his thoughts"; and so on. The simple explanation is that the wand-bearer always points at the person in the company who happened to speak last before the other conspirator left the room. There is no instance known to the writer of the detection of this simple device by anyone "not in the know" beforehand.

Again a mystification game—for these are specially suitable to Christmastide, when ghost stories are the rule, but a little hackneyed. This, again, needs a coadjutor, and is of a beautiful

simplicity, yet of a charming mystery. "If the company will kindly write a noun each on a slip of paper, and fold the slip carefully so that I cannot possibly see it, I will," says Santa Claus, revel-master-in-chief, "tell each what noun he or she wrote by placing the slip of paper, folded, on my forehead." Nouns are written, slips are folded and thrown into a hat. Santa Claus extracts one, places it on his forehead, and after an interval of deep reflection says, "Yes—this is 'pheasant.' Let me see," taking it from his forehead and beginning to unfold it, "am I right? Yes—it is 'pheasant.' Did anyone write 'pheasant'?" Someone—it happens to be the secret accomplice—says "Yes, I wrote 'pheasant.'" So it goes on. Santa Claus, the wonderful, reads them all. Again, it is not so wonderful as it seems. On that first bit of paper that he had pressed to his forehead there was not written "pheasant" at all. "Pheasant" was indeed written on one slip—on the accomplice's slip—but that slip was folded in a special manner, agreed between the two mystifiers, and that slip Santa Claus was careful to leave until the very last one in the hat. Therefore, when he said "pheasant," and unrolled the first slip of paper, he saw, without trouble, what was written on that first slip, and announced the noun there written while pressing to his forehead the second slip. Thus in no case did he say the noun that was written on the slip that he was at that moment holding on his forehead, but in every case the noun that had been written on the slip he had last so held and had since unfolded—in every case, that is, except in the case of "pheasant," which he had named first, while careful to unfold it last. So simple are the methods by which the wizards bamboozle little men.

An amusing game, though it can bear to be played but once or twice in an evening, is that which is sometimes called the "thimble game"—"hiding" a small article "in a conspicuous place." This requires a division of forces, half remaining in the room, while half go out. Then the thimble is put "in a conspicuous place"—on the tip of the leaf of a palm, or so on—the outsiders are called in, and each, as he or she sees the thimble, is allowed to sit down. The excitement grows as few and fewer are left standing, roaming round, inexplicably, as it seems, unable to see this thing "hidden in a conspicuous place." Finally but one is left to pay such forfeit in the way of suffering "chaff" as the company think fit to offer. An interesting study of human nature is afforded by this game. Balzac, if it was known to him, could perhaps have told us what percentage of people sit down as if they had seen the object before they have.

And thus Santa Claus may have brought us without boredom through the dark hours till the dressing-bell rings. He has lots of games that he can give us to aid the digestion during dinner.

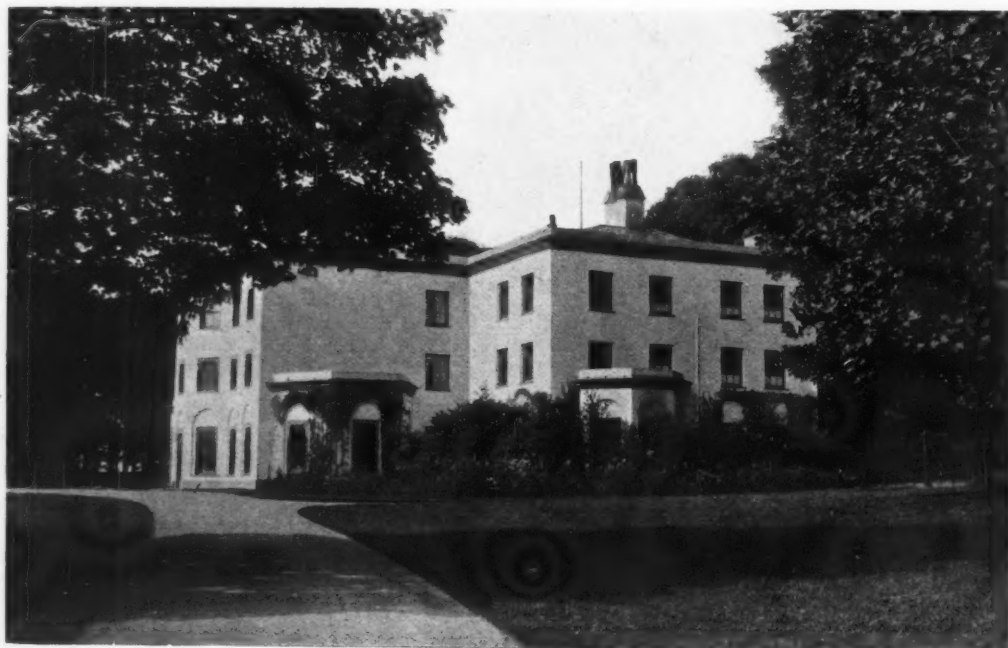
(To be continued.)

Vaynol Park and its Animal Treasures.—I.

TO go by water from the point at which the great suspension bridge spans the restless tide of the "fret of Mænia," or the Menia Straits, to continue the voyage until Carnarvon Castle rises in stately grace before the eye, is to

pass through as fine a piece of river scenery as may be found in Great Britain. "River scenery" is essentially the correct expression, for, although the water which is always rushing up or down is the strong salt water of the sea, the character of the

banks on either side, and the narrow limits of the straits, give the impression of river rather than of sea. Ancient writers speak frequently of the "river of Mænai," and the Welsh folk are accustomed to name the waters Afon, or river. A favouring tide will bring the voyager to the outskirts of Vaynol Park almost sooner than he desires; for between the suspension and the tubular bridges the pent-up waters swirl and rush with terrific force. Wind or no wind, the surface is for the most part of an almost deadly smoothness. The mass of water moves so fast, and with such relentless impetus, that the wind has no effect upon it at all. But here and there a whirlpool, or a patch of foam and a crashing sound, mark the spots where rocks lie in the channel, and from time to time one may notice that the surface has a slanting appearance, as though the water had not time to flow, but must needs fall in one



C. Reid, Wislaw, N.B.

THE HOUSE.

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unbroken mass. One flashes past the island church; there is barely time to notice the beauties of the steep and wooded bank on the left, or to note the water-washed rock and fishing station of the Gorad. The boat shoots under the tube, and in a moment there is a new picture. On the left bank comes first a long stretch of ancient woodland, where oak, alder, hazel, crab, mountain ash, and here and there an ash, have struggled for the mastery from time immemorial. On the right a gentle slope, crowned by the column commemorating the great Marquess of Anglesey, salutes the eye. At its foot a statue of Nelson, the gift of Lord Clarence Paget, and the work of his own hands, serves as a mark to mariners; and further on, with its broad and sloping lawn nestling among great trees, comes Plas Newydd, the Welsh seat of the Marquesses of Anglesey, mourning the master who has passed away. The situation of Plas Newydd, the bank of trees rising behind and on either side, the very branches at the edge which all but touch the unruffled water, the view of swelling upland with the Snowdonian range purple, or it may be snowclad, in the background, are things never to be forgotten.

Let the eye rove again to the left bank; it settles on a long stretch of lonely shore, where green plover and all manner of shore birds congregate in great numbers, where the curlews fly screaming to and fro, and the mournful, solitary heron—the fishermen call him “blue cobbler”—fishes in undisturbed melancholy; and, if you are in luck's way, you shall surely see more than one kingfisher flash past like an arrow of colour, for in those parts the kingfisher is a maritime bird. It is a paradise of shore birds, and the explanation of its peacefulness is not far to seek. All along high-water mark runs a blue-grey wall, 15ft. high and more, and with a coping of rough slate. It is practically unclimbable, and it makes the feeding ground of the birds a sanctuary secure against invasion from the landward side. That monumental wall is the boundary of Vaynol Park, and, from the point of view of the natural historian, it is the making of it. As to its effect upon the landscape, opinions may perhaps differ, but even those to whom it is an eyesore must remember that it was built with good motives, and that it was undertaken



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

ST. KILDA SHEEP.

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with the primary object of relieving acute distress. Within its circuit of eight or nine miles lies Vaynol Park, the home of Mr. G. W. D. Assheton Smith. The park itself offers every natural advantage to wild bird and beast. Of woodland there is abundance and variety. The surface undulates in agreeable fashion. Water is fairly plentiful, and the natural pasturage is good. The climate, albeit prone to humidity, is not addicted to excesses, and bird and beast are seldom visited by long and cruel frosts in winter, or by relentless drought in summer. But the wall is the making of the place, for the vast space which it encloses is isolated from the outer world, and well protected against invasion. The hardest poacher rarely ventures upon a forage within that rampart. Obviously also the wall, while it will not prevent birds from straying, is capable of confining all kinds of mammals, save monkeys, squirrels, and the like, within bounds. Within its limits all kinds of experiments in acclimatisation may be tried with good hope of success, and without endangering the peace of mind of neighbours. Behind the park, extending far back into the mountains, and adding to the opportunities of keeping it undisturbed, lies the main portion of the extensive estate of Vaynol.

Clearly there could be no place more ideally fitted to be the home of a man imbued with a taste for encouraging animal life, and naturalists may hold themselves fortunate that Mr. Assheton

Smith is such a man. He has had many hobbies during his life; but to animals he has been constant. Would that it were possible to give a full list of the birds and beasts which have been brought by him to Vaynol at one time or another, either to be kept in captivity or to enjoy natural freedom within the limits of the confining and protecting wall. Certainly an elephant is within the writer's memory, and a rumour of jackals; and when watching for the return of the wood-pigeons on a gusty winter's evening, he has seen a gaunt badger, which must have been imported, gallop grunting through the covert. But, since no such list is available for the moment, it is best for him to deal with the material at his disposal, and that is the more easy since that material is rich in quantity and in quality.

The animals naturally divide themselves into two classes, those which enjoy almost unrestricted liberty, and those which are necessarily kept in confinement. To the first class, which suffices for the purpose of this article, belong the red deer, the sheep



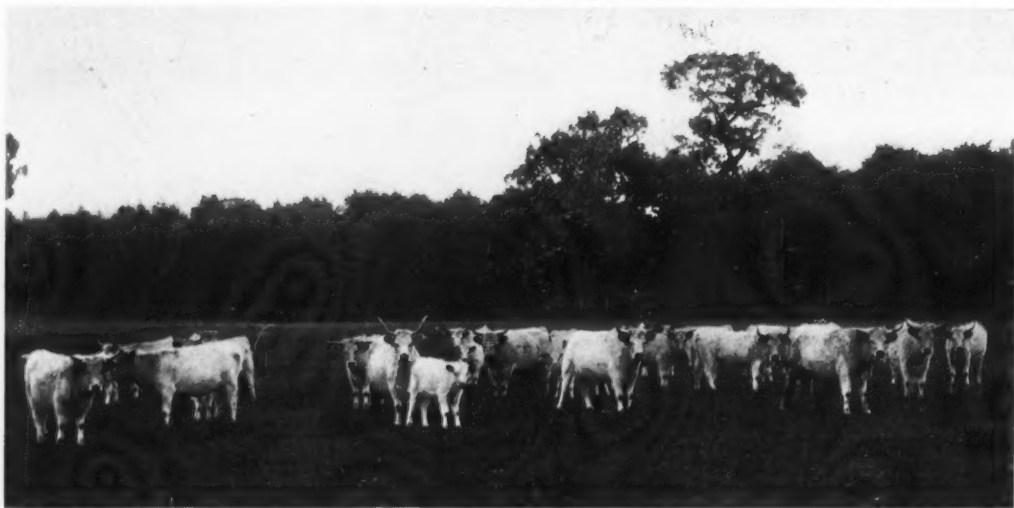
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THE OLD HALL.

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from St. Kilda, and the wild cattle, to the last of which attention is directed particularly. Of the red deer no illustrations are given, partly because at the moment of writing they are in no mood to stand for their portraits. But it may be mentioned that some of the stags carry magnificent heads, and that the king stag, with twenty-two or twenty-three points, may almost be described as a double royal. It would be pleasant enough to gossip about the ST. KILDA SHEEP, but the demands of space are imperious, the picture is vivid and successful, and the title speaks for itself. Moreover, the attraction of the wild white cattle is irresistible.

Concerning the origin of the herds of WILD CATTLE which survive in the United Kingdom through the fostering care of gentlemen, like Mr. Assheton Smith, who possess the necessary opportunities and taste, it is much easier to be dogmatic and to put on an appearance of great learning than to be conclusive. When a naturalist so careful as Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, steeped to the lips in learning, cannot arrive at greater certainty with regard to the Chillingham herd than to say "they may probably be regarded as derived from a very ancient race nearly related to the Aurochs which had undergone some degree of domestication," others do well to be cautious. Still, in the professedly complete list given by Dr. Sharpe, in 1895, of parks in which half-wild cattle are still preserved, Vaynol ought certainly to have been included. The pictures alone serve to show that the herd is considerable, and that the animals of which it is composed possess the characteristic features of the creatures which sentiment compels us, and science does not quite forbid us, to accept as the aboriginal cattle of these islands. Milk-white are they, with black ears and muzzles. The Chillingham cattle have red ears. But it was not always so; Pennant describes them as "white cattle with black muzzles and ears," and Bewick, writing in 1790, distinctly asserts that "twenty years before there were a few with black ears, which were deliberately shot by the park-keeper." But let us avoid this question of ear colour, which involves controversy. Certain it is that when Mr. Assheton Smith started in 1872 upon his interesting and highly-successful attempt to add to the number of parks in which the wild cattle roamed, he began to build upon a firm foundation, for he went to Kilmory for his original stock. Mr. Storer ("Wild White Cattle of Great Britain," p. 355, Cassell, no date) records the despatch to Vaynol by Sir John Orde of nine cows, six heifers, a bull, and six yearling steers. Some wild Pembroke blood appears to have been introduced since from Lampley Court (where some of the ancient white Celtic stock remained), and of that, or of its results, the PEMBROKE COW is an excellent



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

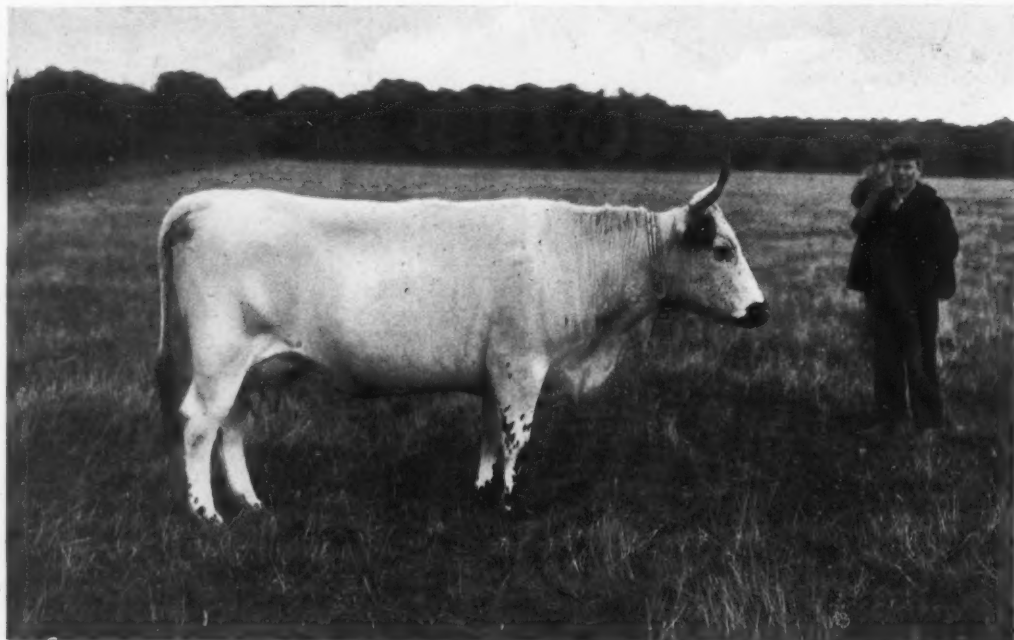
WILD CATTLE.

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example. Crossing, however, is a process which has been followed several times in the treatment of the race, as the interesting history of the Kilmory herd, the true source of that at Vaynol, shows plainly. That history, up to a point, is well known; but it begins not at Kilmory, but at Blair Athole. In that ancient Highland seat of the Murrays, Dukes of Athole, a herd had existed from time immemorial, and Mr. Storer entertained no doubt that "they were genuine wild cattle; they were 'white with black points,' having the ears, the muzzles, the orbits of the eyes, and the hoofs in a great measure black; and they bred perfectly true." This herd, on being sold in 1834, was bought by Mr. Butter, of Faskally. Half of it went to the Duke of Buccleugh, at Dalkeith. In 1838 Dalkeith was let; the new tenant had no fancy for wild cattle, and—alas for natural history—all the herd save one pure-bred young bull were slaughtered. Him Sir John Orde purchased, and no cows of the race being procurable, he was mated with selected white West Highland cows—the West Highland breed is very like the Urus. Then another wild bull of the Athole stock, from the moiety which had gone to the Marquess of Breadalbane, was secured. In 1852 a white pure-bred West Highland bull from Barcaldine was introduced into the herd.

Purists may cry out that these are no true wild cattle, but in large measure simply West Highland. But, leaving on one side the question of the origin of the Highland cattle themselves from the historical point of view, the paramount test is that of breeding true to colour and to character. Now it is a point of the utmost significance that Sir John Orde, although he had but one pure Athole bull to start with, had next to no difficulty in the matter of colour, and had to do very little in the way of artificial selection. For the character, it is still there. The cows are shy, the bulls terribly quarrelsome among themselves in the breeding season. Only a few months ago there was a battle royal, and that not the first of its kind, between a white

Vaynol bull and another imported from the Duke of Hamilton's famous herd in Cadzow Forest. For an account of it I am indebted to Captain N. P. Stewart, and surely it was a grim and deadly fight. For two full hours the champions struggled for the mastery, and all the efforts of men armed with sticks and pitchforks did not avail to part the combatants. The fray began near the Bryntirion gate of the deer park; it ended at a point opposite Lord Anglesey's house, and fully half a mile away. Over and over again pitchforks were driven into the necks and flanks of the furious beasts; but their rage against one another was not stayed for a moment, and they fought with all the inherited passion of their savage ancestry. A horrible sight it must have been; but I am afraid I would have given a good deal to see that grim struggle, to watch the shaggy bulls



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

PEMBROKE COW.

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hurtle together, their horns clashing, their eyes aflame with passion, reckless of all hurts, blind to all surroundings. It must have been a spectacle for gods and men. Death alone availed to end the conflict, and the Hamilton bull, defeated in a former fight, survived alone.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE illustration of *Bambusa Metake*, the best known of all Bamboos, reminds us of the great beauty of this family and its importance in English gardens. *B. Metake* has long been used to form free graceful groups upon the lawn, unharmed by frosts, but browned, perhaps, by keen easterly winds. It says much for the hardiness of the Bamboo when we are told that the noble specimen shown in our illustration has withstood the trials of about twenty years, and this in Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's garden at Acton, a suburb, practically, of London, in which smoky fogs are not unknown. It was planted from a 6in. pot, and is now about 15ft. high and 20ft. through, its position being 6ft. from the lake, where in the summer a rare set of Water-lilies colour the water's surface. But we have of late years gained much information about this beautiful family, and *B. Metake* is not the only kind represented. We wish to thoroughly impress upon our readers the fact that Bamboos are hardy. This has been proved by Mr. Freeman-Mitford and other growers, and we have an instance at Kew, where for some years past almost every kind has flourished amazingly. Those who wish to add a distinct feature to their gardens should make a Bamboo garden, or if not a garden entirely devoted to these graceful and beautiful shrubs, at least the many varieties may be grouped in sheltered spots by the lake or upon the outskirts of the lawn.

IMPORTANCE OF SHELTER.

Shelter is of first importance. One needs but brief experience of Bamboos to know this, as cold easterly winds are more harmful than severe winters. One of the most successful Bamboo gardens is that at Kew, and a charming spot was chosen for it a few years ago. A clearing was made in the woodland near the *Rhododendron del.*, and the ground was dug out to a depth of 6ft., as an additional protection, although upon all sides belts of shrubs shield the graceful stems from the wind. It is the cold wind, therefore, not frost, even if the thermometer almost reaches zero, that kills the Bamboo, shelter being necessary especially from the north and east.

MAKING A BAMBOO GARDEN.

These notes are seasonable, for the reason that preparations should be commenced in late autumn and winter for spring planting. Never plant before April, when the young leaves commence to unroll, and even later if the weather is unkind. It is a wise plan where Bamboos have to be purchased to buy them now in pots, in which they should remain in a greenhouse through the winter, until late in May, when they will be in growth and take kindly to the soil. Plants of this kind are strong, and quickly become established. A good beginning is everything, and we have known more than one failure, and hence too early in the spring tufts lifted from the open ground.

SOIL AND GENERAL TREATMENT.

The Bamboo must have a thoroughly well-drained soil, as stagnation at the roots is fatal to success. If the ground is poor, then it must be enriched by adding good loam and trenching the site well, for preparations for a garden of this description must be thorough. Sometimes the soil is naturally good, or merely stiff, and only requires lightening. In a case like this add leaf-mould or very light loam. Give the plants a good mulch of rich manure in spring, and during the first year, in particular, copious waterings are essential. There must be no stint, as these free-growing plants suffer severely from continued dryness at the root. One sees in gardens many opportunities of making a colony of Bamboos, perhaps in some sheltered spot by a lakeside, or in a secluded tree-screened corner near the house. The trees or shrubs, whichever one is pleased to call them, are full of varied charm, and delightful to look at through the winter months, when they are fresher and more beautiful than at any other season of the year. All around may be lifeless and cold, but the Bamboo is as green as the grass of the field. In the Bamboo garden screened from piercing winds the winter sun filters through the leafless branches of surrounding woodland and glints across the fair and graceful stems, warming the cold air, and making one forget that it is mid-December. Perhaps the Primroses planted near offer a few sweet flowers, or stray Violets pour out their fragrance, for it is here by the leafy groups that one should plant low-growing bulbs and plants of this nature—Violet, Primrose, Thrift, Scilla, and other gems dear to all who seek beauty in every part of the garden.

BAMBOOS ARE OF RAPID GROWTH.

It is well known that the Bamboo is one of the most rapid in growth of all



F. Olla.

BURNING WEEDS.

Copyright.

plants, and it may interest our readers to learn what progress the Bamboos at Kew have made since they were planted six years ago. This, it must be remembered, is a place not too kind to trees and shrubs of tender growth. Their measurements were taken last December. Those mentioned are all of great beauty, and should be in every collection: *Arundinaria nitida*, 13ft.; *A. Simoni*, 17ft.; *A. Hindi*, 11ft. 6in.; *A. japonica*, 12ft.; and the naturally dwarf *A. tessellata* and the variegated *A. Fortunei*, about 4ft. The group called *Phyllostachys* is of extreme elegance, and *P. viridi-glaucescens* and *P. Henonis* are perhaps the gems of the family, although, of course, tastes differ. The former had grown 17ft. and the latter 15ft. *P. aurea* and *P. nigra* had each made a growth of 12ft., and *P. Castillonis*, 8ft. 6in. All had grown proportionately broad, *P. viridi-glaucescens* growing almost too vigorously in the somewhat restricted area. Though the leaves of most kinds are narrow, some are very thick and wide, notably in the case of *B. palmatum*. It is not necessary, of course, to confine the Bamboos to a set place. We have seen them planted with great success by the side of a sheltered walk and in dells, but in such positions they are always protected from northerly and easterly winds.

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

We lately saw a house front golden almost with the fruits of the Passion-flower. Few climbers are fairer than this, and the type *Passiflora cærulea* is as beautiful as any of its varieties, the quaint flowers possessing more colour than such forms as *Constance Elliot*. Passion-flowers are of rapid growth. They quickly cover trellis, wall, or house front, but a south exposure is essential. The growth is naturally tender, hence the reason for protection both from sharp winds and frosts. When, however, in full health, the

trailing shoots brightened with fruits, hanging like golden lamps amidst the dark foliage and flowers around which legendary lore has cast its halo of romance, the *Passiflora* is unapproached by any climber for freedom and charm.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to answer any questions relating to gardening matters.

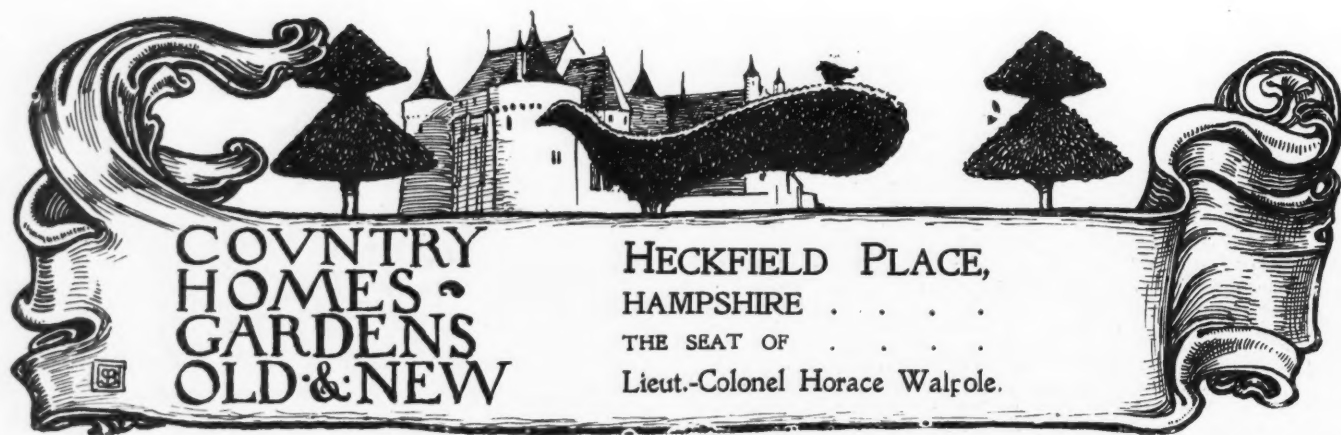
PHOTOGRAPHS AND NOTES.—We hope readers will kindly send interesting photographs and notes for our "Correspondence" columns.



Gregory.

BAMBUZA METAKE AT GUNNERSBURY HOUSE.

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UPON those pleasant northern borders of Hampshire are not a few beautiful country homes, with fine woods and interesting gardens about them. They lie in a land both of wood and heath, and the soil gives character to their surroundings. Heckfield Place, the seat of Colonel Walpole, and once of the late Viscount Eversley, is situated in a position of much advantage. It commands a great panorama, extending, beyond its lovely gardens, to the distant hills of Oxfordshire and the lordly woods of Windsor. Below the terrace, like jewels in the landscape, are the upper and lower lakes, jewels, indeed, in their proper setting, for here no bare stretches of water reflect merely the sky and unpicturesque banks, but we look upon glassy sheets, with shadowing trees, and margined, instead of with hard flint or stone, with a crowd of the water-loving plants that are the glory of lake and stream. Thus the velvet sward leads down to where the yellow iris and water forget-me-not, with many another fine blossom, lift their graceful heads over reed and

grass. There are noble houses and historic castles in this country which have unattractive lakes as their neighbours even now, to oppress the bystander with the sense of coldness and discomfort; but at Heckfield abundant and fruitful use has been made of the new means placed at the disposal of the water-gardener. Lovely hybrid water-lilies begem the surfaces, and the lakesides are enriched with massive banks of pampas grass, the silvery-plumed *Arundo conspicua*, gorse, rhododendrons, and the graceful bamboo. Hard by a sturdy oak stretches out its horizontal arms, and aspens, and limes, and a remarkable specimen of *Abies Albertiana* give fine colour contrasts.

But it may be observed that at Heckfield the principal trees are conifers. Neighbouring Strathfieldsaye, famous for its association with the great Duke, has the lordly oaks that thrive in heavy clay soil, but at Heckfield Place the numerous fir trees reveal a change in the formation. The lighter soil known to geologists as the Bagshot sand extends under the grounds, and





Hudson & Kearns

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THE ROSE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

proves a fertile stratum for all coniferous growths, such as the fir trees ranged against the sky-line on Heckfield Heath. Lord Eversley, long Speaker of the House of Commons, loved Heckfield well. From debates in Parliament that were sometimes angry, but more often exceeding dull, it was his pleasure to return to his beautiful Hampshire home, and he spent the evening of his days, the close of his long and honoured career, in further beautifying its garden and grounds. The trace of his hand is everywhere, and it is pleasant to think how he delighted to discuss with his head gardener the new arrangements that might be made, and of the happy hours he spent in the execution of his plans. Fortunately Heckfield is in hands just as devoted to its charms, and we shall go far before we find a garden better kept.

The pleasure grounds cover upwards of thirty acres, and have been added to from time to time. They are



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THE HOUSE FROM ACROSS THE UPPER LAKE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

traction of gardens and pleasure grounds is a thing to be striven for. It arises in part from the character of permanent features, and in part from the skill and knowledge of the gardener in preparing for the seasons.

The terrace, with its beautiful outlook over billowy lawns, glorious trees, and transcendently beautiful lakes, has been alluded to. Hence, in the early summer days there is a delightful view of what seems a water-borne bouquet, an island thickly planted with rhododendrons, which in such a place are entirely

beautiful at every season of the year, whether we visit them in winter when the green conifers are contrasted with the interlacing of bare oak and beech boughs, or in spring when the bright emerald tint is breaking upon the branches, or again in the resplendent months of glowing summer, or later, when the trees are vested in the rich garb of the wonder-working month of October. This perennial attraction



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FROM THE HOUSE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SUB-TROPICAL GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in their element, and do not outgrow their space, to the undoing of more tender plants that cannot fight against so masterful a neighbour. Up here, on the terrace, too, there is a feast of colour for the eye. The beds are brilliant with glowing hues, but the effect is softened and harmonised by the presence of leafy, sub-tropical plants, which add a peculiar charm to the summer garden. It was upon this terrace that the late Viscount Eversley expended much of his care, and here that he passed many happy hours in planning the flower effects he loved to behold. His traditions are happily maintained, and nothing has been lost of the variety and colour that were his pride. The pictures show how the north side of the terrace is adorned with raised oval basket beds. Here Japan honeysuckles, conifers, hollies, and other shrubs create pleasant effects in winter, and there are eight long beds, four on each side of the baskets, creating a bold and striking feature of the garden. There are round beds, too, associated with others of star shape, raised

in the centre. Again, on the east terrace about thirty various beds and vases are well disposed for effect. It is unnecessary, however, to enter into details of the gorgeous colour which is the chief attraction of this place. When it is remembered that every bed and vase is rich with well-contrasted hues, the splendour of the result will be conceived.

A long day may well be spent in surveying the many features of the well-wooded pleasure grounds at Heckfield Place. The flowering shrubs are a delight in themselves. Among

the conifers, *Abies cephalonica* towers high, and *A. nobilis*, *A. magnifica*, the Douglas pine, *Pinus insignis*, and *Cryptomeria japonica* are seen in perfect growth and happy contrast with deciduous trees.

We may pass then from the pleasure grounds to find flowers still in the more prosaic neighbourhood of the domestic garden, where fruits and esculents are cultivated with equal skill. It is a happy association of utility and beauty, and COUNTRY LIFE has more

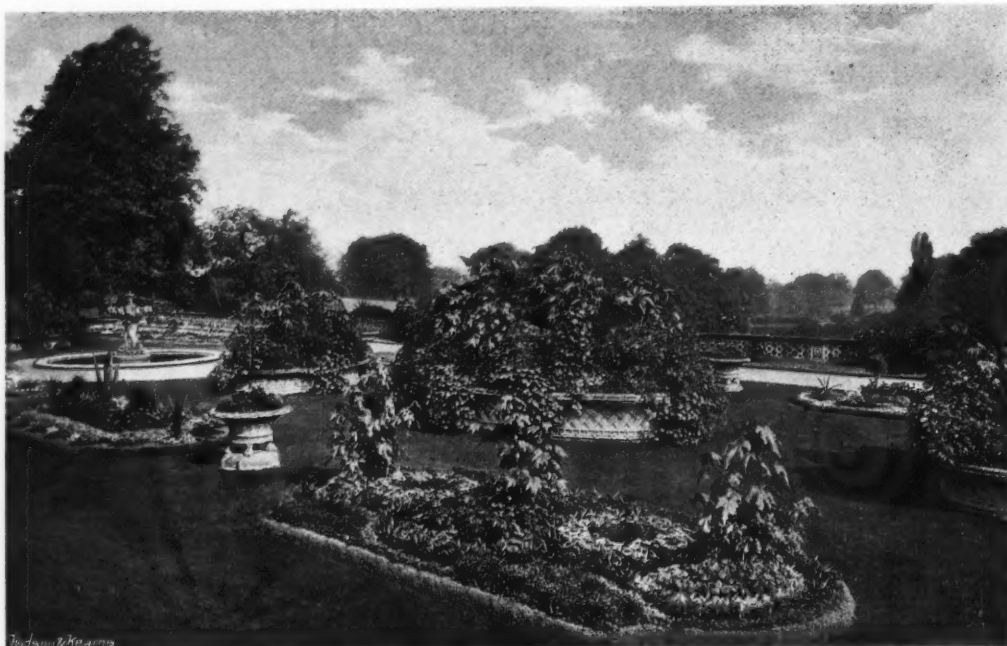


Copyright

THE LOWER LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"

than once drawn attention to the charm and advantage of a flower border in the kitchen garden, from which blossoms may be gathered freely without detracting from the beauty of the more formal parterre. There is one walk in the domestic garden at Heckfield Place flanked by vigorous hedges of *Cupressus Lawsoniana*, with cactus and other dahlias trained upon them, the branches being tied out against the leafy background, with most pleasant relief. It is an original effect, and a particularly happy one, for the tongues of colour issue, as it were, from the dark contrasting surface of the coniferous growth behind. Still another border of hardy plants is there, too, arched over with a trellis whereon choice pears are trained. It is a curious and interesting form of gardening, but of course climbers so used must not be of dense growth, or the perennials below will suffer. This matter should be thought of in forming such a feature, and a particularly sunny position should be chosen. Fruit is splendidly grown at Heckfield, and the fruit room is certainly one of the finest in England. Here 2,000 bunches of grapes may be stored at one time. The storage of fruit



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THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

is a very important matter, and it will be seen that much should be learned concerning it at this delightful place. Here is a garden never dreary, never dull or cold, but always, as has been suggested, full of colour, interest, and charm.

Ostrich Farming in California.—II.

MOST of your lady readers will be anxious to know about the beautiful feathers, plumes, tips, etc., plucked from these handsome birds. Now in reference to the large plumes obtained from the wings, the term "plucking" is a misnomer; these plumes are cut off when "ripe"—to pluck them out would injure the birds and be very painful, and the ostrich farmer is very careful of his valuable stock. About fifty large plumes are secured from each bird, and if the socket in which each feather grows is injured in any way another feather will not grow in that socket; from this one can understand how carefully the harvesting of feathers has to be attended to.

Plucking ostriches is quite different to plucking geese. Our largest birds weigh a little over 300lb., and when fully stretched up can reach a height of 9ft. The average weight is about 270lb. These immense birds, the largest known living specimens, are very strong and powerful; they can strike a very

fierce blow with their feet, and have often smashed the boards of the strong fences used to corral them, these boards being from 4in. to 6in. wide and 1in. thick. They kick out forward with a quick downward movement, and will "go for" anything large in a moment: a horse, sprinkling cart, elephant, or omnibus would be equally welcome to them, and of course a man is good sport. From this one can learn that those engaged in the plucking process have to be on the look-out for squalls; truly their lot is, like that of the policeman, not a happy one.

The plucking takes place once in nine months; the birds are driven into a small V-shaped corral, at the narrow end of which is a strong door that swings outward; this door is securely fastened, and from ten to twelve birds are driven into this enclosure. The fun has meanwhile begun, and I have seen three or four attendants being chased by some proud fierce male birds, and having to bolt as fast as they could for the nearest

fence. However, after a time a little corn (Indian corn, not oats) will entice them to the fatal plucking pen, as they are very fond of corn. Each bird is caught deftly by the long neck, near the head, and is blind-folded by having a long narrow bag whipped over its entire head, a small hole being cut in the end of the bag, through which the bird breathes; it is then run up to the narrow end of the corral and kept there, while the two pluckers stand one on either side, towards the back of the bird. This position is necessary, as they kick out forward, and it would be too dangerous to stand in front. Some birds stand comparatively quiet, but others "play up" all the time, and the pluckers have a hard time of it, dodging about. I have seen one man knocked down and handfuls of valuable feathers flying all over the place. Other birds, again, stand quite quiet and allow themselves to be shorn of their magnificent plumage without a protesting kick even. The



ENTICING THE BIRDS.

large plumes having been cut from the wings, the next two layers of over-lapping feathers are pulled out, being quite ripe and ready to fall out of their own accord; the tail feathers are then pulled out, from 50 to 120 being obtained. None of the body feathers are ever plucked; they are shed once a year in the course of nature, and in the corrals, and are gathered up for manufacturing purposes, or picked up as souvenirs by the numerous visitors to our farms. Each feather, however small, has a market value.

A plucking takes place generally once every three months, as all the birds are not hatched at the same time. Having gathered in all available plumage, the "grading" processes are next in order. This is a very tedious and monotonous part of the ostrich farmer's work. The male and female feathers have to be kept separate, the wing plumes kept distinct from the tail ones, and so on. Each kind is then graded according to size, colour, and shape, that is to say, they are all sorted out on long narrow tables, into separate bunches, each bunch consisting of feathers of a kind and size and colour as near as possible. They are then tied in convenient-sized bunches, weighed, and valued according to the latest quotations from the feather market in Mincing Lane, London; and what are not required for our own local trade are shipped to our customers in San Francisco and New York.

The California product is highly valued by the trade, and is quite equal to that produced at the Cape, or in Australia or New Zealand. The new tariff duty on feathers helps the American ostrich farmer, and when one goes abroad one becomes a Protectionist, in a mild form, at all events. A discussion on this subject is out of place here, however.

Having "graded" our feathers, we will now follow them to the factory, where they have to undergo so many varied processes before they become the lovely and graceful things we see adorning lovely and graceful woman. The feathers are given several baths, and scourings with soap and water; when thoroughly cleansed they are strung together in long rows and hung up to dry. The large white plumes are then bleached to a pure white by a secret process, the natural



PLUCKING THE FEATHERS.

shade of so-called white feathers being a yellowish tinge. Unless some plumes are required in their natural colours—grey, drab, and mixed black and white—they are dyed black to give them the fine glossy, lustrous appearance so much prized; but it is only the black feathers that will take on this fine brilliant black, as, however well dyed, the grey, drab, and white feathers never have such a gloss as those that were originally black.

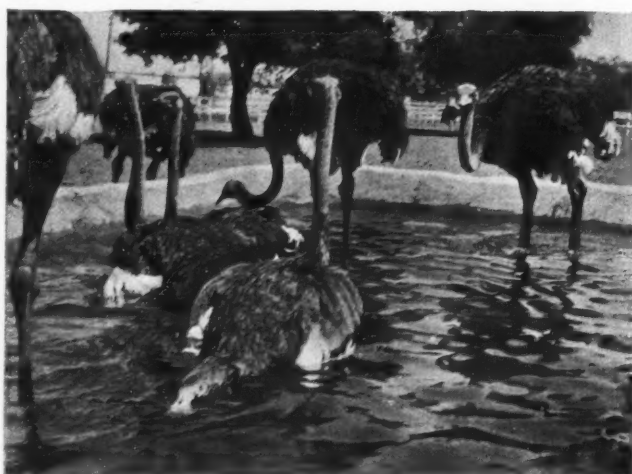
Of course the value of a plucking from a bird varies considerably, according to the price of raw stock in London, but from £6 to £10 a year would be near the mark, the latter amount from the finest-plumaged male birds. The next process is that of sewing together two or three feathers of like texture, size, and colour, so as to form a heavy plume. This having been done, and the plume now being quite straight and flat, it is steamed to give it that graceful bend which is half its beauty. The plume is then ready for the curler, who is, of course, an expert; the finest feathers have, to a certain extent, a natural curl to them, and when fully curled artificially will retain their curl for years, and look well for a long time. The inferior grades of feathers do not remain so long in curl, and will not



THE CORRALS AT SOUTH PASADENA.

stand recurving so well as the better-grade feathers will. This is a point often lost sight of by ladies when purchasing, and a good feather is a much more profitable purchase in the end than a poorer and somewhat cheaper one. Having now finished the curling of our plumes, there remains the "bunching." The single plumes are bunched by being wired together in threes, a large one in the middle and smaller ones on each side, similar to the well-known Prince of Wales's feathers. Of course several kinds of plumes are sold singly, and are classed as tips, demi-plumes, plumes, and Amazons, the latter sometimes from 18 in. to 24 in. in length. Very lovely shoulder capes, boas, collars, and collarettes are also manufactured, as well as parasols, fans, muffs, etc., and these articles are becoming more and more popular when made from ostrich feathers; the real reason is that, besides being very beautiful and graceful, the ostrich has not to be killed to obtain its feathers. I am sure if ladies stopped to think a moment they would do more than they are now doing to discourage the indiscriminate and cruel slaughter of hundreds of thousands of brightly-plumaged birds at all seasons of the year, irrespective of nesting-time or anything else. Undoubtedly the ostrich was made to furnish feathers, just as the sheep furnishes wool; and putting personal pecuniary interests aside, I think all ladies should encourage and support by practical means the efforts of those kind-hearted ladies, including our Princess, who are doing all in their power to discourage the senseless fashion that entails so much wanton waste and cruel destruction of bright bird life.

A few years ago I opened a branch farm near Los Angeles and Pasadena, two of the most beautifully-situated cities in America. This farm has now become one of the famous sights and show-places of Southern California. Here is kept a troop of about 190 ostriches, of all ages, ranging from baby ostriches a

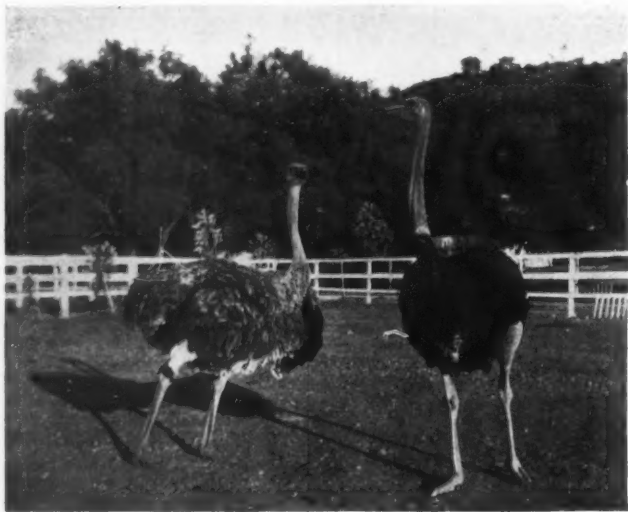


THE LUXURY OF A BATH.

few days old to the large, full-grown birds from four to ten years of age. Tourists from all parts of the Continent, and, indeed, the world, have here seen ostrich life in all stages—birds nesting, laying, and hatching—and I have handed a lady visitor a baby bird off whose back I have removed a portion of the shell from which it had just escaped. As before stated, the ostrich will attack anything large, but will flee from a small dog—the smaller the dog the larger the flee, so to speak. The reason of this is that the dog is safe from a kick, being too low down to be reached by the bird's foot; the height at which they strike is from 3 ft. to 4 ft. from the ground. At this farm, South Pasadena, a small thorough-bred wolf-terrier named Jerry is kept for the purpose of exercising the birds morning and evening; and several visitors have often asked for Jerry, as his fame has spread all over this vast country. I know of few more wonderful and beautiful sights than that of a troop of these gigantic birds, in all the glory of their magnificent plumage, coming at full speed towards one, their wings outspread above their bodies, their heads slightly thrown back, and covering the ground with immense strides of 10 ft. and 12 ft. each. Jerry coming hard a long way behind is the cause of it all.

A very curious sight, and one that appears most ludicrous and amusing to visitors, is to see these large birds waltzing; this they do when they are feeling particularly happy and playful. It has been said that the French obtained their first idea of the waltz from seeing ostriches dancing in Egypt. For the truth of this I cannot, however, vouch. The rate at which they will spin round is almost incredible, and when one begins all the others will join in; they often dance in pairs, and will "reverse" and bow to each other most gracefully; they will occasionally kick at one another, which somewhat detracts from their apparent high breeding and aristocratic bearing.

(To be continued.)



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Marriage and Courtship among Fur and Feathers.

AMONG the many interesting facts mentioned by Dr. Louis Büchner in his work, "Love and Courtship in the Animal World," one of the most striking chapters deals specially with the pairing and, so to speak, "married life" of animals. Probably many readers will shake their heads incredulously, and question the fact that such a thing as the latter can or does exist among animals, or that anything more than casual and temporary intercourse between the sexes is possible. In answer to this, the author in the above-named work gives endless examples tending to show that marriage among animals is as decided an institution as it is among human beings, and that family ties between parents and children in the animal kingdom do not, as is generally supposed, cease as soon as the latter have become self-supporting.

Büchner considers the pairing of birds to be the ideal type of animal matrimony. Most birds live in a state of monogamy for life, comparatively few indulging in plurality of wives or plurality of husbands.

Some birds hold solemn assemblies when about to pair, at which the marriage bond is entered into after mutual consultation and understanding. In proof of this Darwin gives an account of the great "magpie marriage," for which the common magpies from the various parts of Delamere Forest assemble at certain spots in the spring of each year. Chattering, sometimes fighting, and ever busy, the birds congregate in groups, flying hither and thither among the trees, and, when at length they separate, they all go away in pairs.

The oft-admired and tender affection displayed among parrots is well known. Bonnet relates that after he had kept a pair of these birds for four years the hen bird became weak from old age, and could no longer reach the food trough. The cock bird fed her carefully and waited upon her most attentively. When at last she died he ran restlessly up and down the cage, brought her food, tried to make her take it, then, finding she still lay silent and in movable, he uttered a most piteous cry, and shortly after died. Another instance of conjugal affection is given of a horned owl, in which the wife died of grief at the loss of her husband after a life-long companionship. But perhaps the most faithful and affectionate of the feathered tribes are the charming and much-prized little green Australian parrots, who, though living together in large flocks in their native home, never change or separate when once paired.

Naturally, however, such devotion is inseparable from jealousy. Neubert tells us that he lost the cock birds of two pairs he possessed, and was only successful in obtaining one new one. When the new husband was placed in the cage with the two widows (who up to that time had been on the best possible terms with each other) jealousy immediately arose, the least-favoured hen bird became furious, and made a deadly onslaught on her more fortunate companion, hung on to her tail, and viciously tore out her feathers. This entailed her removal, and she was given another bridegroom, with whom, however, strange to say, she led a sulky, unhappy life, evidently because she could not forget the husband of her rival.

Among European birds, after the storks, swallows and the common pigeon are specially distinguished for the devotion of their married and family life. But so much the more tragic are the conflicts which take place through quarrels, unfaithfulness, or jealousy in wedlock among these birds, endowed, apparently, with strong passions, which at times exhibit themselves in the same manner as among human beings.

In the public bar of a brewery in the small Silesian town of Tomnitz a pair of swallows built their nest in 1871, and hatched four young ones, without seeming to mind in the least the noise of the public room, and utilising the frequent opening of the door for their ingress and egress. The landlord, who took a lively interest in the tiny couple, noticed that one day the cock bird returned with a new bride, between whom and the hen bird ensued a fierce fight. As, however, the lawful wife seemed to be getting the worst of the struggle, the landlord thought he would aid her by catching the new comer in a net. By mistake, however, he caught the old one, who on being released flew straight back to the nest and defended it so vigorously that the faithless couple were forced to build another. This they did close to the old nest. The forsaken wife now never left her home except for a few minutes, when the other two were away, and anxiously watched their proceedings. Other swallows also flew in at times to observe how matters were going. After a few days, however, the energy and courage displayed at first by the old hen bird seemed to give way, the couple again attacked her, and at last forced her to evacuate both the nest and the room; whereupon the victors gave up building their new abode.

and took possession of the old nest, in which the new wife shortly after laid some eggs.

In pleasant contrast to this faithless "swallow husband" is the conduct of a young cock pigeon, witnessed by Münch in the dovecote at his father's house. This bird had paired with an elderly hen pigeon, who after some time ceased to lay eggs. But instead of deserting her for a younger and handsomer mate, he continued his careful watch over her till death dissolved the beautiful bond between them.

These instances could be multiplied indefinitely did space permit, whilst what has here been related of birds is equalled, if not surpassed, by quadrupeds.

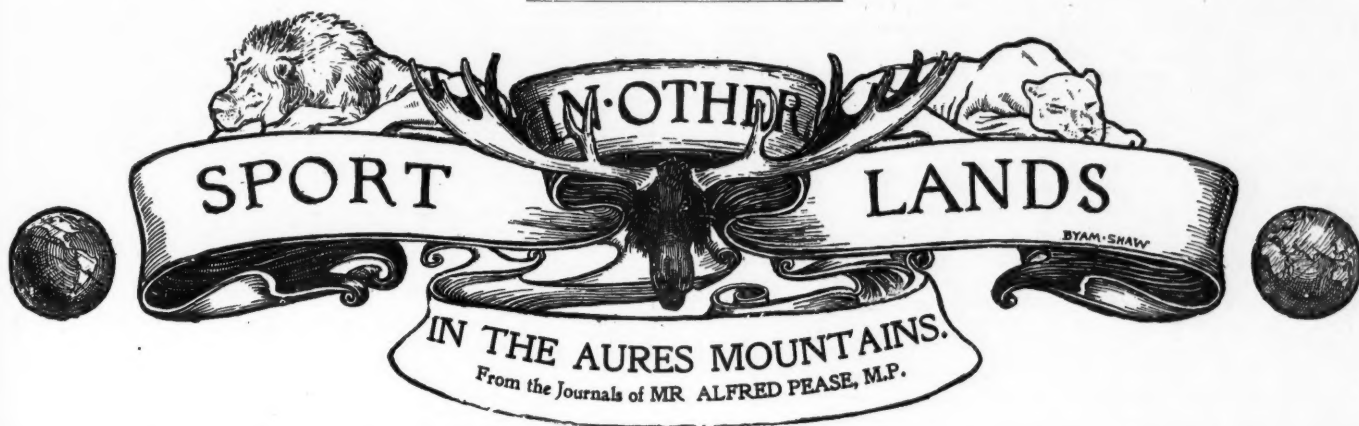
Gérard, the celebrated lion-hunter, gives some most interesting details from personal observation respecting the habits of the lion in his native wilds. According to him, the monarch of the animal kingdom never leaves his mate except through absolute necessity, and always shows her the greatest

consideration and love. When they go out together in search of food he will rest as often as the lioness wishes, and when he has secured his prey, he gives her first choice, looking on with the greatest satisfaction while she is enjoying her meal. It is only when she is satisfied that he thinks of himself.

Guinea-pigs are also specially-loving couples. They frequently lick one another, and with their little fore paws comb each other's hair. When one sleeps the other watches over its safety, and when it thinks its companion has rested long enough, it will awaken it by licking and combing, and then take its own turn. But the male is particularly attentive to the female, and tries in every way to show his devotion.

Striking examples of conjugal love and fidelity have also been met with in the monkey tribe, among foxes, and specially with regard to the rhinoceroses. The love of the latter for one another is most touching, and has frequently been witnessed by numerous travellers.

ELPHIN.



"ON February 1st Devas and I started again for a few days after moufflon at El Goleeah. I consider we were very lucky in seeing moufflon. I saw some each day except Saturday, but only had one shot, and that on Friday, after sunset. It was a difficult one, for they were galloping, and I could not see the fore sight; but I was within 100yds. and preparing to shoot, when they made off. I had watched them for an hour, nine old ones, feeding at 400yds. from me, on the top of a rocky ridge. On the Saturday we spent a day clambering on this dangerous ground without seeing anything. At sunset we found ourselves on the highest peak, as I thought by chance, but I found that Taha had come there purposely for his evening prayers. Nor shall I ever forget the scene. On the brink of the highest cliff is a marabout's grave. There Taha took his shoes off, and went through the prescribed forms of prayer, with his face turned towards Mecca, and the desert stretching for a hundred miles to the glistening lakes below him. He stood motionless, illuminated by the setting sun, and then bowed his head upon the rock.

"On March 30th we marched up the river by Branès to our old camp, our baggage packed on two mules. While camp was being made Taha and I looked round, and found at sunset a band of nine *larrowi* with a male, all feeding. I had not much idea of going out to hunt, and had only taken the 16-bore paradox, which does not claim accuracy beyond 200yds. at most. We made what would with any other weapon have been a rare good stalk, and got to within 130yds. on our bare feet. They were

all feeding, the male licking his quarters, and I thought, as nearer approach was impossible and the daylight dying, I had better try to make sure of him.

"If I hit him it must be fatal, for head, neck, back, and haunch were all curled into one mass. But my ball fell short, and they were bundling off. But though the male went out

of sight, several females moved only 200yds., and in a minute were soon feeding again — another curious instance of the unaccountable ways of the *larrowi*. I stalked again, and got within 100yds. of a large barren female. As I raised the gun they were off, but the shot struck the *larrowi* in the middle. It made for the cliff below, but it was too dark to follow. The next morning we repaired to the same spot, Taha taking one series of the terraces on the cliff, and I the higher line, in the hope that if it were 'jumped' by Taha, it would pass up by me. I had a difficult bit of going, and dared not carry my rifle at full cock. As I was turning the ugly corner I saw the *larrowi* for a moment, and the wound in its back ribs. I got my rifle up, but in my haste the sling got over my back sight, and I missed. We followed all day till dark, and two days after, on the next mountain, I came to where it had been the night before, but did not recover its head till long after.

"The following incident gives some idea of the difficulty of seeing moufflon on their native rock. On April 4th I was sitting having my luncheon, when Taha said '*Larrowi!*' I said, raising myself, '*Wegeen?*' (where). He pulled me down, and said, gently, '*I don't know if it is a *larrowi* or not.*' He



OUR CAMP.



BAGGAGE PACKED ON MULES.

indicated by tilting his chin and by his eyes (it is bad form for an Arab ever to point with his finger) where he thought the moufflon was. At last I saw what he was gazing at; but surely it was only a bit of sand-coloured rock 180yds. below us! I dared not get out my glass, and sat and stared till I began to think I saw the outline of a head and shoulders, but it never moved, and there was no eye. At last I became convinced that it was one, lying on a shelf, and Taha wanted me to shoot; but it was too difficult, and I declined, but took off what remained of my boots and wormed myself to within 80yds., got my rifle over the little cliff edge, and, firing, that ram never woke and never moved again. It was a young male with horns no bigger than those of a female. We got rid of as much of his inside as possible, split him in two, and Taha rolled and carried him down to camp, a proceeding that, with the drying of him out in the sun, occupied till 6.30. Next day I rode with Taha on the mules to the horrid Chicha Mountain, and saw nothing until the sun caught something that made me take out my glass, and there was a fine herd of eight or nine feeding. Off we set to get a shot before dark, and reached the hill after an hour's awful run over rocks, ravines, and up water-courses, till I was wet through, shaking, and blown. Then Taha made a bad shot for the place, put his ugly head over a ridge, and set them all off. So we had to go back to camp, where at night I heard him saying that he had brought me close to them, but I had made so much noise with my boots that they ran away. This was too much for my patience, and I gave Taha a piece of my mind, for he had on at that very time a pair of sandals made of the soles of the hob-nailed boots of a Frenchman, and he had been scraping about in his new possessions all day, much to my annoyance, whereas I had on india-rubber soles.

"The following morning he obtained for me on some very difficult ground a fine shot at about 60yds. (galloping), at 8 a.m. I had an uphill sight at the male's back, and blew off the back of his head. I sat for some hours by the animal while Taha went to get the mule, and by 3 p.m. we had him back in



ROCKS AND RAVINES.

camp. Next day we returned, after breakfast, to Biskra, and reached there at 4.30 p.m."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NO part of the anticipatory interest with which Sir George Robertson's book was awaited has gone without justification. In very truth, "Chitrál; the Story of a Minor Siege" (Methuen), is a book admirably written, full of wise political suggestion at the outset, marked by constantly-recurring scenes of excitement later, and calculated to make the Queen's subjects of all shades proud of their common brotherhood. In point of importance and of interest alike it dwarfs all the other books that lie under my hand. It claims, and it shall have, attentive treatment. "East is indeed East"—that is the keynote of the earlier part of the volume. Of the murder of Nizám of Chitrál, Sir George Robertson writes: "The fratricide who had so violently seized the Mehtarship, was only wrong from a Western standpoint. In Chitrál his deed was everywhere applauded. 'See,' observed several of the people to me subsequently, 'we thought Amir ul Mulk an idiot, and, lo! he has killed Nizám.' Such remarks were made with smiles of self-depreciation that the speaker had not formerly given the young murderer his proper meed of appreciation. The young Mehtar, astonished at his own resolution in doing the deed, confused by success, and troubled with some very natural doubts as to how he should dispose of the British officer, rode off to Chitrál with jubilant attendants. All news travels quickly. Gurdon was shooting up a big ravine, behind and to the west of my old mission-house, which had been used ever since as quarters for European visitors, when anxious messengers sought him out to tell their story. The solitary young Englishman was too clear-sighted not to recognise his danger. Nevertheless he hurried back to search for and carefully read over certain instructions I had left behind in 1893, explaining how Younghusband or Gurdon was to act in the event of Nizám being assassinated. In consistence with this beginning, Gurdon never allowed the excited Chitrális to perceive that his pulse was quickened. Very likely it was not hastened one beat. At interviews with the pale and trembling Amir ul Mulk, who, besides stopping all his messengers, had all the roads guarded, only to grow frightened at his own temerity, the lonely British officer remained calm and unruffled. On those occasions he so placed his eight Sikhs that he and they could not be killed without cost, and then smiled forbearingly upon the demonstrations of armed men with rifles at half-cock that crowded his apartment. . . . In the end unemotional determination and unwavering persistence overcame the passionate Chitrális. The thorough-going amongst them protested loudly that the 'Frank' must be killed forthwith, for in that way only could the situation be cleared of nonsense." A fine heroic figure, thoroughly typical of the character of the British officer at his best, is that of Gurdon, and Sir George Robertson does him justice. It were interesting to linger over many matters, over the disaster at Mastuj, due in large measure to the wrong determination of Ross, "an officer brave almost to eccentricity," over Moberly's wonderful march, in which his celerity and astuteness alone enabled him to slip through just in time. He was one of the men who have the knack of transmitting their surplus energy to their subordinates. Distressing also is the story of the Koragh catastrophe and of the death of the heroic Ross, who quite emulated the glorious exploits of that desperate warrior, the late Major Williams, in the Chinese War. Single-handed, revolver in hand, he charged a sangar full of men, and three Chitrális bit the dust before he was shot dead and died a soldier's death. For the story of the siege, it has been told before, but never with so masterly a hand, never by a man who knows every detail so thoroughly as Sir George Robertson. It reads like an epic and there are recurring passages, marking the conclusion of one weary week after another during the prolonged siege, which remind us of those simple but majestic passages in Genesis of which "and the evening and the morning were the second day" may be taken as an example. A memorable morning was that of the 17th of April, when Robertson was summoned by Townshend. "There was that in his voice which told something momentous had occurred. I hurried to the gun-tower, where, from the long loophole I had constructed on the 8th, we distinctly heard, working



CARRIED HIM DOWN TO CAMP.



IN THE AURES MOUNTAINS: I SAT BY THE ANIMAL.

underground, the muffled vibrating thud of a pick, with an occasional high-pitched ring as iron struck stone, and seemingly not more than 10ft. or 12ft. from where we stood." Then we see Townshend "going aside to listen once more to the dull strokes, so menacing, yet so full of fascination. 'How many men, Sifat,' I enquired; 'sixty?' 'No, a hundred,' was the reply, and so it was finally settled. The forlorn-hope was to be made up of forty Sikhs, under their own jemadar (lieutenant), the whole to be led by young Harley." How Gurdon longed to go also, how these two young soldiers vied with each other in generous rivalry to lead the desperate venture, how the "incessant pick, pick, picking at the foot of the gun-tower" approached nearer and nearer, "each stroke with suggestions of overwhelming catastrophe"—all this and much more Sir George Robertson tells with thrilling force. In fact the story of Harley's gallant exploit, of the fierce fight that preceded it, of the bitter disappointment when it was thought that the powder bags had exploded prematurely, and of the joy and triumph when the mine "slowly sunk back in great masses, leaving earth bridges here and there," is one of the finest periods in a stirring book which makes the cold blood run faster, and increases one's pride in being a member of the English race.

In "The Iron Pirate" (Cassell and Co.) Mr. Max Pemberton has hit upon a novel and a first-rate idea. Modern appliances, far from rendering the piracy of old times impossible, have only to be utilised in order to make piracy as adventurous and fifty times more sanguinary than the piracy of the past. That is the *motif* of the book, and it is worked out uncommonly well. A millionaire, having a grudge against humanity in general, turns his thoughts to piracy. To have a fighting ship built for a private purchaser in England would be difficult, although not perhaps impossible. So the building of the ship takes place at Spezia, and she was, as the Irish would say, a fine ship entirely. Her material was phosphor bronze, and glowed like gold in the sunlight. Her engines were of heaven knows how many horse-power, she burned gas for fuel, and she swept the seas like a hawk, outpacing all pursuers and swooping down upon her prey

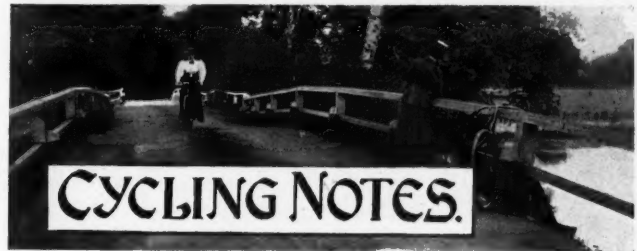


IN THE AURES MOUNTAINS: TAHA.

with relentless ferocity. A casual acquaintance of the narrator, occupied in detective work, was the first to find out the pirate vessel. Him, however, Captain Black, the pirate skipper, recognised as a spy, and executed in horrible fashion on the high seas. Then the narrator and a friend fitted up a vessel to pursue the mysterious ship. By means which it is not necessary to enter into here, the narrator falls into the hands of Captain Black, who spares him and shows a species of fiercely tender regard for him. And we are taken through many stirring scenes. Already we have seen the nameless vessel cope with three American war-ships, and cripple one of them by treachery. Already we have seen her cripple an ocean-going liner, and now the narrator is compelled to live among the pirates, and to be a spectator of their brutal life and barbarous deeds. The spirit of the story is maintained admirably. Up in their stronghold in the frozen North the pirates, having made the high seas too hot to hold them, are ordered by Black to rest awhile in luxurious debauch. But their rest is not wanting in bloody incident, for Black's reign is one of terror. Two men have shirked duty. It is ordained that they shall fight with knives until but one is left. Foithwith, in the common dining hall of the men ensues a grim and deadly conflict described with rare and lusty vigour. A blood-curdling picture is that of the pirates' cemetery, where the bodies lie frozen and unchanged for ever in crystal ice. But I must not tell all the story. Suffice it to say that if "Treasure Island" is the best modern story of maritime adventure for boys and men, "The Iron Pirate" runs "Treasure Island" very close indeed. I confess it interested me, and kept my attention riveted more than I could have believed was possible. If it has a fault it is that it is too "bluggy," but Captain Black and his vessel are conceived upon the Homeric scale.

It can hardly be said that in "The Rainbow Feather" (Digby, Long) Mr. Fergus Hume has produced so masterly a detective story as his "Mystery of a Hansom Cab." The mystery does not last long enough; the reader detects the criminal long before it is intended that he or she should be able to detect. Still

the story is worth reading, for the characters are worked out well and they belong to interesting folks. Dr. Lester, the drunken doctor, whom the shock of his daughter's murder and the fear that he may himself have been the unwitting murderer combined to reform; Mexton, the reporter and amateur detective; Chaskin, the ex-soldier clergyman; Iris Lester, Miss Clyde, Lucas Lovel, and Darcy Herne are, one and all, living creatures; and poor pretty Milly Lester, the victim, is full of girlish charm and folly. The book is not a masterpiece, but it will make an hour, or perhaps two, pass pleasantly.



CYCLING NOTES.

THE array of "free-wheel" machines at the two cycle shows was undoubtedly their most prominent feature of novelty, and, to a certain degree, is difficult to explain. The most reasonable supposition is that the one firm which has hitherto had a virtual monopoly of the idea must have been fairly successful, and that other makers on the look-out for something likely to catch the public eye have followed suit in a direction that seemed to afford the most promise. There is no doubt that the free-wheel idea has "caught on" among West End ladies, though some of them, no doubt, would be somewhat at a loss to explain their preference. It appears to many of the riders of these machines a source of pleasure to be able to progress, without working the pedals, so long as the momentum lasts, and to attract attention by the somewhat ostentatious attitude the rider necessarily assumes. No doubt, also, certain of these riders believe that less labour is involved in the propulsion of their machines by the employment of a free-wheel device—a notion which a few words from a practical engineer would speedily dispel.

For male riders I fail to find any particular quality in the free-wheel machine which should render it a more desirable possession than one of the ordinary type. There is just one reason which commends itself to ladies, and that is the fact that, where coasting is available, there is no fear of a "mix-up" between skirt and revolving pedals. With a properly-cut garment, however, neither too long nor too wide, and tucked up carefully before the coasting is begun, the practice may be followed in the ordinary way if the rider be moderately skilful, while her deficiencies would in no way be aided by the employment of a free-wheel machine. It is a matter of opinion, of course, as to which is the more comfortable position when coasting—the feet on the foot-rests or at unequal angles on the pedals. For my own part I would much prefer the foot-rests than an attitude which suggests side-saddle riding, and disturbs the balance of the machine.

There is one respect, moreover, in which the free-wheel machine is decidedly less safe than one in which back-peddalling is available. I refer to the question of side-slip. Now while it is true that sudden back-peddalling or unequal pedalling of any kind may be made the source of side-slip, and that a free run through a patch of grease may keep the machine up when injudicious pressure on either pedal would precipitate a slip, it is equally true that when a slip does occur on a free-wheel machine it is a much more serious matter than would be the case when back-peddalling is available. By a judicious control of the chain one can often not only reduce the possibility of side-slip, but even hold the machine up when a slip has begun; whereas, with the free-wheel, the brake is all that one has to depend upon, and its very application may itself make matters worse. My own views on this matter are borne out by the experiences of a well-known rider of ability with whom I was comparing notes at the National Show. He is one of the last men in the world to let himself be the victim of an avoidable accident, yet he had recently had a bad fall through side-slipping on a free-wheel machine of which he was making trial.

Chainless machines do not appear to make much headway, and it is noteworthy that one firm which "boomed" a mount of this type at last year's National Show appeared this year without a single chainless machine on the stand. The demand had been so small throughout the season that the pattern had been abandoned. Nevertheless, one or two new varieties were on view at either show, but with little prospect of success; the workmanship alone condemned them. I tested one of these at the Stanley, and found the friction so excessive that it required real strength to pull the pedal round at all, and there was no oscillation of the driving-wheel whatever when the valve was set above its lowest point. Wherever the pedal was released, in turning the crank round, there the thing stopped dead. So far the best machine to appear, of the chainless types, is the Quadrant, the cross-roller gear of which has been improved, and there is probably but a fractional difference between this method of driving and that of the ordinary chain. The only strong point about the cross-roller gear, however, is that it can be boxed in with less weight of metal than is involved in the protection of a chain by a gear-case; but whether this is sufficient of a gain to lead to the suppression of chain driving is another matter.

A marked feature of the recent shows was the absence of the crushing which has characterised the exhibitions of previous years, particularly at the Agricultural Hall. The improved state of things, where comfort is concerned, was partially due to the widening of the gangways; but the holding of the two shows simultaneously, it is beyond all manner of doubt, had a serious effect upon the attendance at each, an effect that must have operated to the real detriment of the exhibitors. The promoters of each show, moreover, must have experienced a great falling off as regards the "gate," and I for one shall be much surprised if this year's experiment is repeated. Either the shows must amalgamate—a very difficult matter to bring about, for more reasons than one—or the dates must again be separate.

THE PILGRIM.

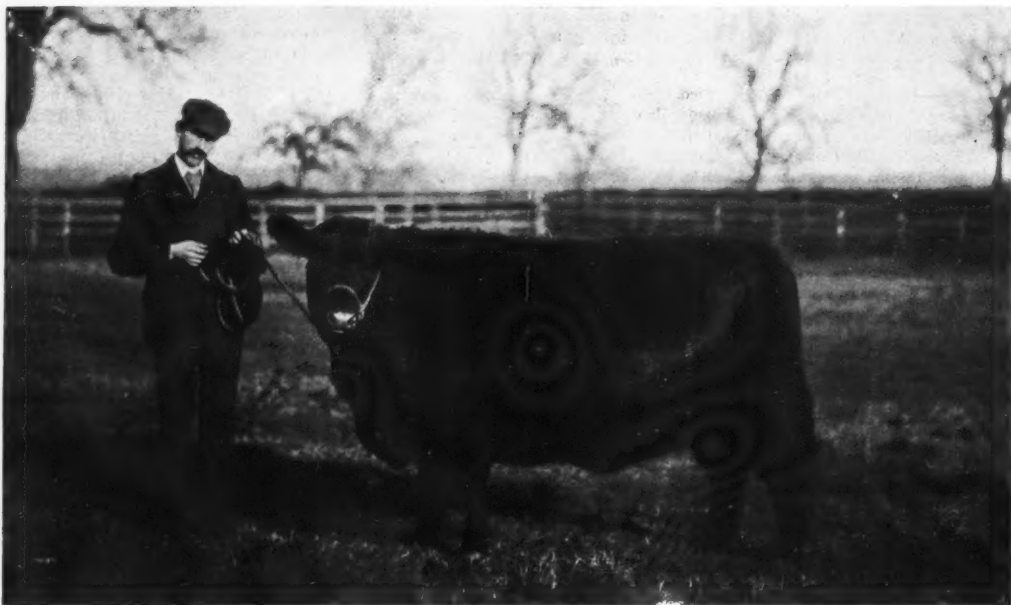
BIRMINGHAM CATTLE SHOW.

IT is very much to be feared that the Jubilee exhibition of fat cattle at the Bingley Hall has scarcely proved to be the success anticipated, as the unsettled weather no doubt kept visitors out of the town, whilst on the other hand the quality of the exhibits was, collectively speaking, below the average. The latter fact may be possibly accounted for by the increased

popularity of Edinburgh Show, which beyond all doubt attracts the North Country exhibitors, but on the other hand the many friends of the Birmingham fixture can rejoice at the fact that such illustrious exhibitors as the Queen and the Prince of Wales continue their gracious patronage of the exhibition. This year Her Majesty is not only honouring Birmingham Show by presenting a 50-guinea cup, in honour of its being the fiftieth anniversary of the fixture, but the Royal herd is unusually well represented in the Hereford, Devon, and shorthorn classes, the champion cup in each of these breeds being won by one of the Queen's beasts, but, greatly to the regret of most loyal subjects, Her Majesty has failed to win her own cup, which is offered for the best beasts in the show.

This coveted trophy, together with the president's prize, and three 100-guinea challenge cups, has been carried off by Ju-Ju of Glamis, a very smart Aberdeen Angus heifer exhibited by the Earl of Strathmore, who likewise can claim the distinction of being her breeder. Ju-Ju of Glamis is 2 years 10 months and about 16 days old, her weight being 15cwt. 3qr. 5lb., and there can be no gainsaying the fact that she is a capital beast, though it is questionable whether she is the equal of Lord Strathmore's former champion here, Minx of Glamis, which journeyed on and captured the highest honours at Islington. The next few days, however, will prove the capacity of Ju-Ju of Glamis, as she is coming up to the Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall, and will there meet the Norwich champion and one or two other good animals which were not at Birmingham. Included in the latter category is a particularly good animal belonging to Lord Rosebery, which, if all that is said about him be correct, is likely to cause trouble to both the cracks. At the same time it must not be supposed that Ju-Ju of Glamis is not a very good heifer, and it may be added that she has already won at the shows of the Royal Agricultural Society at Manchester, at that of the Highland Society, and at Aberdeen, this being the first occasion upon which she has competed in the classes for fat beasts.

As observed above, Her Majesty took the shorthorn, Devon, and Hereford breed cups, her representative of the first-mentioned variety, the roan Margaret, being selected as the best of the trio. She was, however, unable to cause Ju-Ju of Glamis any serious trouble, and was placed reserve to her in the competitions for the five special prizes, including the championship. Mr. Learner's Norwich winner, Silence, moreover, pressed the Windsor heifer very sharply in their class; whilst she, in turn, had nothing to spare in the shape



JU-JU OF GLAMIS.

of superfluous points when she beat Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's red and white Camer-nian for reserve place for the shorthorn cup, won by Margaret. Another of the Norwich beasts which got to the top of his class at Birmingham was the red cross-bred, Master Harbinger, exhibited by the executors of the late Mr. J. J. Colman, and these beasts, in addition to a very useful old steer which took first for the Prince of Wales in the cross-bred class, were, no doubt, the best beasts in the Bingley Hall; but, at the same time, it will be admitted that the Highlanders and Kerries were both satisfactory classes. Nor can Birmingham Show be passed over without some allusion being made to the butchers' class, which, as usual, contained some well-fed level beasts, amongst them being Mr. Hunt's red shorthorn, Worth, which was awarded the special prize for the heaviest beast in the show, his weight being 20cwt. 1qr. 20lb. Unfortunately for the "gate," for the public dearly love to gaze upon fat pigs, all the swine classes had to be cancelled by order of the Board of Agriculture, and for some unknown reason the sheep section was less interesting than usual. Perhaps the best-represented breed in this department were the Southdown wethers, in which first prize fell to Sir H. de Trafford, with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales next in order, whilst the special cup for the heaviest pen of lambs in the show was awarded to Mr. Alfred Bowerman for a nice lot of cross-breds scaling 6cwt. 0qr. 7lb.



Two Plays Revisited.

"THE GREEK SLAVE" has been "smartened"—it has also been vulgarised, using the word in its proper sense. It began by being something very near to romantic light opera; it is now an example—a beautiful and elegant example—of the all-conquering "musical comedy." At the beginning there was nothing mentioned which was anachronistic—we are not referring to colloquialism in language—except by suggestion, just the suggestion Mr. W. S. Gilbert permitted himself in "They Never Will Be Missed" in "The Mikado."

Now "The Greek Slave" has its "topical" songs, its references to current events, its unobjectionable slang, its "up-to-date" solecisms. Yet all this change has not led to a weaker adumbration of the story; the first act remains really admirable; the second act is no better and no worse from a dramatic point of view, while it has gained materially in broad humour. If now and again its fun suggests a kind of paleozoic birthplace, much of it is fresh and new and quaint.

The music, always excellent, has been added to, and with advantage; some of the numbers allotted to Miss Marie Tempest are really delightful specimens of beauty and melody in light music; there is an effectiveness of measure and a quality of French *élan* in some of the songs which appeals to an educated taste as well as to the popular ear.

The new incident "after" the balcony episode in "Cyrano de Bergerac" is very cleverly written indeed; the equivoque and the skill with which it is told in rhymed couplets leads one to think that a new hand has been at work, and we should like to see more work from this new hand. As to the representation of the piece at Daly's—it comes very near to perfection. Miss Marie Tempest not only uses her lovely voice like a skilled and sensitive artist, but acts with a dramatic fervour and suggestion all too seldom allied to vocal power. Mr. Hayden Coffin, whatever his detractors may say, can put a genuineness and attraction into his love-making possessed by no other of our light baritones. Miss Letty Lind, *insouciant* and gossamer as ever, dances like a fairy and warbles like a fascinating little bird with a weak voice but a dainty method of trilling. Mr. Huntley Wright is a humourist of the first water—volatile, spontaneous, facile, in all he does; he has that curious and undefinable thing which we call personality, without which no actor—whatever his talents—can ever take first rank. Mr. Rutland Barrington's stolid good humour and ponderous but wholly agreeable style form an admirable contrast. Miss Hilda Moody, the possessor of a sweet and well-trained voice, a pretty face and form, and a charming manner, has become all at once a favourite at Daly's. "The Greek Slave" remains one of the most distinctive and alluring entertainments to be seen in town.

But a brief period has passed since "The Manœuvres of

Jane" formed the subject of comment in this place. But much has happened since then. Being the fortunate managers of a very fashionable theatre, which has a *clientèle* that goes there as a matter of course, Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude have had time to put their play in order before the general body of playgoers had discovered for themselves the faults of Mr. Jones's play. So now, when the ordinary playgoer goes to the Haymarket—the first dangerous month having passed, the damnatory Press criticisms having been forgotten—he will find a very different piece from that of the first night. It has been overhauled; lumps have been cut from it; it has been developed into pure farce—of the delicate and elegant kind, but farce all the same; a series of whimsical incidents, with never a touch of sentiment, and no characterisation to speak of. For the bald, obvious, undiluted hoydenism of Jane can hardly be called a study of character.

Now that we can view "The Manœuvres of Jane" as pure and simple farce, the play can be regarded from another aspect; and, in its shorter shape, can be thoroughly enjoyed as a laughable entertainment. We forget the craving we felt at the *première*, the craving to see Jane, for one brief ten minutes at least, an earnest woman beneath the veneer of frivolity, actuated by sincerity. Miss Winifred Emery attacks the part unfettered by any consideration save that of amusing—and succeeds to admiration. So Mr. Cyril Maude, so Miss Gertrude Kingston, so Miss Beatrice Ferrar. The present Haymarket programme is a *succes de rire*, and, as such, provides a very pleasurable evening.

B. L.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It seems to be highly probable that Mr. Tree will produce a new version of "Notre Dame," for he is studying the book again, and it is hardly possible that the beautiful romance—and, more than the romance, the reality and the humanity—of the story will not appeal to him as a manager, and that the character of Quasimodo will not be irresistible to him as an actor. It should make the most touching and one of the most beautiful stage works which even Mr. Tree has presented to us. That is it, first and foremost, the most touching. The drama of pathos, not necessarily sombre or gloomy, is the drama we have missed lately; all the other emotions we have had in abundance, but the quality of tears, the greatest dramatic quality of all, has been lacking lamentably.

The playwright to whom Mr. Tree assigns the task of dramatising "Notre Dame" must be conjured to "let himself go," not to be afraid of the cynics, but to write a story the central motive of which is a great love passion. There is no need to be afraid; "John Oliver Hobbes" has done it with one of the most successful plays of our own period—a much more dangerous thing to do. Let it be a love play; let the mournful figure of Quasimodo stand out by reason of his supreme and tragic passion for Esmeralda. Let it not be the mere ordinary adaptation, the mere stringing together of as many incidents from the book as can be crammed into a play; let the dramatist drench himself with the sentiment of Hugo's

story, and present to us a play as complete in itself as though no novel were in question. On these lines there could be hardly any doubt at all of the triumphant success of the work. Not only would it provide our greatest character actor with a part worthy of him—a part we have been wishing to see him undertake these many days—but it would restore to the stage those qualities of tears, of pathos and of sentiment, which are really its greatest attractions, qualities in which it has been woefully deficient for far too long a period.

It is good news to learn that Mr. Gilbert Parker and Mr. Louis N. Parker—who are not related in any way—are to unite forces in writing a work for the stage. Mr. Gilbert Parker, whose "Seats of the Mighty" made his fame as a novelist, who is already one of our leading writers of fiction, has the one quality our latter-day dramatists lack—he is a story-teller; he has something to tell us; there are plots in his head. It is the absence of the story-writing faculty in our playwrights which has driven them to adapting novels wholesale and rushing to the foreigner for our dramatic wares. Mr. Gilbert Parker should change all that; for he is certainly brimming over with invention. Mr. Louis N. Parker is, of course, one of the most prominent of our younger writers for the stage. He has a graceful and a fervent pen, and he can write, probably, a love scene with more warmth of feeling than any playwright of note at present appealing to the public. The collaboration, therefore, should lead to the happiest results. Their first combined effort will be the dramatisation of Mr. Gilbert Parker's most recent and most successful book, "The Battle of the Strong," which is brimful of animation and colour.

Capital, too, are the tidings that Mr. Pinero will provide another farce for the Court Theatre, which stands almost exactly opposite the spot where stood the old Court Theatre, for which Mr. Pinero wrote the most brilliant series of farces which, probably, the English stage has seen. The news comes that Mr. Pinero's next piece will be a farce, without reservation; so it is with some degree of certainty that we may look forward to an entertainment of sparkling and spontaneous humour, worthy of the pen which gave us "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," and "Dandy Dick." "The Cabinet Minister" had more of comedy in it; "Trelawney of the 'Wells'" was described as a "comedieta," and had certainly too great a strain of sentiment in it to be described as "farce." But in the new piece we are promised nothing but farce, and it is for that reason that it will be anticipated with the greater pleasure.

Will Mr. Charles Wyndham play Benedick? That is the question playgoers with more than a casual interest in stage matters are asking with much curiosity. And while no one yet can say He will, everyone adds We hope so. Surely there is no part in all the classics so suited to Mr. Wyndham's later style; it unites that buoyancy of temperament with those glimpses of something deeper which this actor combines so admirably. What more auspicious opening of his new theatre could there be than an excursion into the ever-verdant fields of Shakespeare by an artist who has tired of the frivolities of farce, and has proved himself, by worthy work, worthy to tread where the most famous of our romantic actors have trodden with glory and with profit? Yes, "Much Ado," Mr. Wyndham, let it be.

Drury Lane pantomime will evidently once again "eclipse all records," as usual. Already Mr. Arthur Collins has let us into the secrets of the playhouse, and from the disclosures made, one can gain a vague idea of the glories to come. As was only to be expected, the splendours of the retinues of the Forty Thieves will afford Mr. Collins opportunity for the dazzling dresses in which his soul delighteth; but in many other respects, also, he has found scope for *coups d'œil* which shall transcend anything seen, even at Drury Lane. Such, for instance, as the Ballet of Porcelain, where we are to see some astonishing effects. The foundation of the dresses is of aluminium, which allows of something quite novel in the design. Then the new electric lifts, added to the hydraulic stages, will permit the final tableau to show us pictures of quite unequalled calibre, and here we are to reach the summit of the grandeurs of "The Forty Thieves."

PHEBUS.

RACING IN AUSTRALIA: The Caulfield Cup.

If the performances of Australasian-bred race-horses on English race-courses have had no other effect, they have had that of drawing the attention of sportsmen in this country to Australian racing, so that the results of the principal and most important events of the racing year on the other side of the world are now watched with almost as much interest as those of our own big

handicaps. The success of this year's Caulfield Cup, run at the recent V.A.T.C. Meeting, was unfortunately marred by one of the most shocking accidents that has ever been seen on a race-course. This is a mile and a-half race, worth 2,500 sovs., for which no fewer than thirty-three runners went to the post. There is no unnecessary delay in starting even such a big field as this with



J. R. Mann.

FIRST TIME ROUND.

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the "machine" in Australia, and the thirty-three competitors had hardly ranged up behind the barrier before it flew up, and they were off to an excellent start. The scene as they came thundering up the course is well shown by one of the accompanying illustrations, and as they raced past the stand for the first time Prince Carbine was in front, with Rosebery and Hymettus in close pursuit, and the remaining thirty in a cluster at their heels. No sooner had the field swept past the stands than the shrieks of their occupants proclaimed that something had happened, and in another second the course was a scene of struggling horses, and disabled jockeys, one of whom lay so still as to give the horrified spectators just cause for fearing the worst. It had happened like this. Directly after passing the judge's box for the first time, Powell, who was riding Mr. W. T. Jones's Acton, tried to take advantage of an opening near the rails. Unfortunately his horse in doing so crossed his legs, and fell. Reka, who was following in his track, fell over him, and then the grief began. The pace was so hot, and the enormous field racing so close together, that in a few more strides Robin Hood, Superb, Mischief, and The Musketeer had galloped into the fatal pair, and then the 17th. Majestic threw himself on to the top of the lot.

The twenty-six horses who had escaped this awful mêlée went on, but the interest of the horrified spectators had left the race, and was concentrated on the unfortunate jockeys who had not only been already galloped over by the best part of the field, but were now being kicked and rolled on by their fallen horses, as they lay on the ground. One by one they staggered to their feet; all except one. This was the unfortunate Flanagan, rider of Robin Hood. He had been terribly kicked and injured by the horses behind him, and he never moved again. Among the six others who had come to grief, Foon broke a leg and an arm, Powell received a concussion of the brain, and Hearn got off with a broken collar-bone. One of our illustrations shows the remainder of the field, of whom Hymettus proved the eventual winner, beating Massinissa by a couple of lengths, with The Chief third. The winner is a well-bred four year old by Eiridsford, a horse who won a good number of races in this country, out of Busy Bee, and he started a good second favourite at 10 to 1.

This deplorable accident naturally cast a gloom over the remainder of the day's proceedings, which consisted of the Second Nursery Handicap, won by Viscount II., by Rassley, the Windsor Handicap, won by Dju Dju, son of Forest King, and the Second Steeplechase. The steeplechase track is inside the flat-race course, as will be seen from the accompanying photographs, from which also may be seen the uncompromising nature of the fences which have to be negotiated in an Australian steeplechase. This is well worth remembering at the present time, when there are two or three New Zealand chasers on their way to these shores, and others under orders to follow them. There are also several hurdle-race horses about to come over, and these will probably show to advantage over English steeple chase courses. That "Walers" would hold their own well with our best steeplechasers if only they were not schooled in their own country to jump so high, I have always believed. They are harder, sounder, up to more weight, and stay better than our home bred horses, and if ever anyone takes the trouble to import young horses from that country, and school them over here, he will probably find that he has not wasted his money.



SO the Manchester November Meeting is past and gone, the racing season of 1898 is mere matter of history, and the Cesarewitch winner, Chaleureux, is again the hero of the hour. A good field of fourteen turned out for the last big handicap of the year, of whom Merman became favourite when it was known that he was the best of "Mr. Jersey's" pair. Labrador and Barford came next in the market, and Chaleureux had plenty of backers at 8 to 1. Good game horse as the last-named four year old undoubtedly is, I was afraid that he would find 8st. 10lb. too heavy an impost to carry successfully through the Manchester mud, and I rather fancied that Merman, with only 11lb. more on his six year old back, might turn the tables on him here, whilst I felt unusually confident that, whatever won, Eclipse

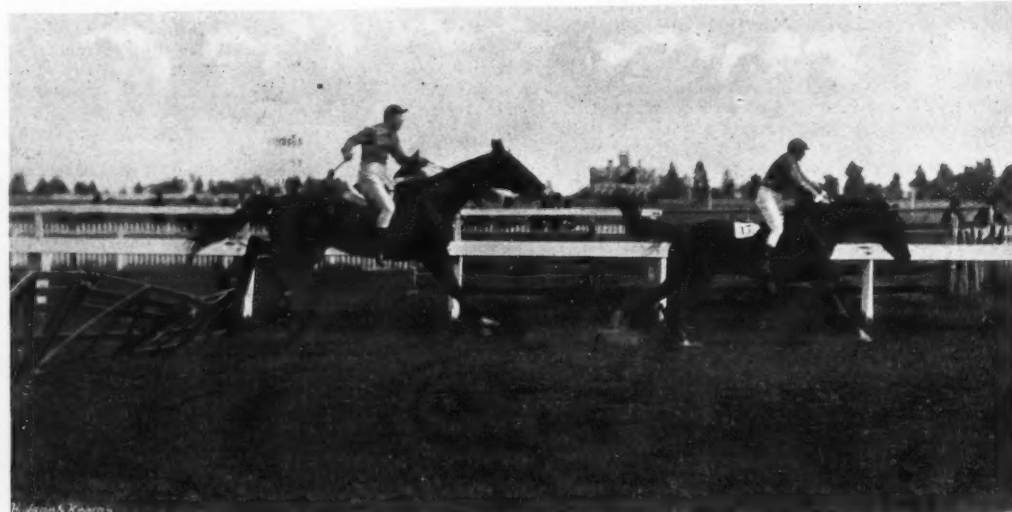
would be on the premises at the finish, as he was. For some reason or another Merman ran badly; perhaps the heavy going did not suit him, but, whatever the cause may have been, he never at any time was near the front, and finished absolutely last. Eclipse was first away, and, after being always in front, or nearly so, in a fast-run race, it was only in the very last stride that Chaleureux got up and won a fine race by a head. Labrador was third, half a length behind Eclipse, and Newhaven II. finished fourth. Barford, for whom I never had the slightest fancy, was beaten a long way from home, and neither Tom Cringle nor St. Just II. fulfilled the expectations of their friends. I have since heard that Merman ran without plates, which, with the going as it was, is quite sufficient explanation of his miserable performance. I am a firm believer in running horses without plates on firm ground, but not when it is like it was on Saturday last.



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A SECOND BEFORE THE FATAL FALL.

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THE LAST JUMP.

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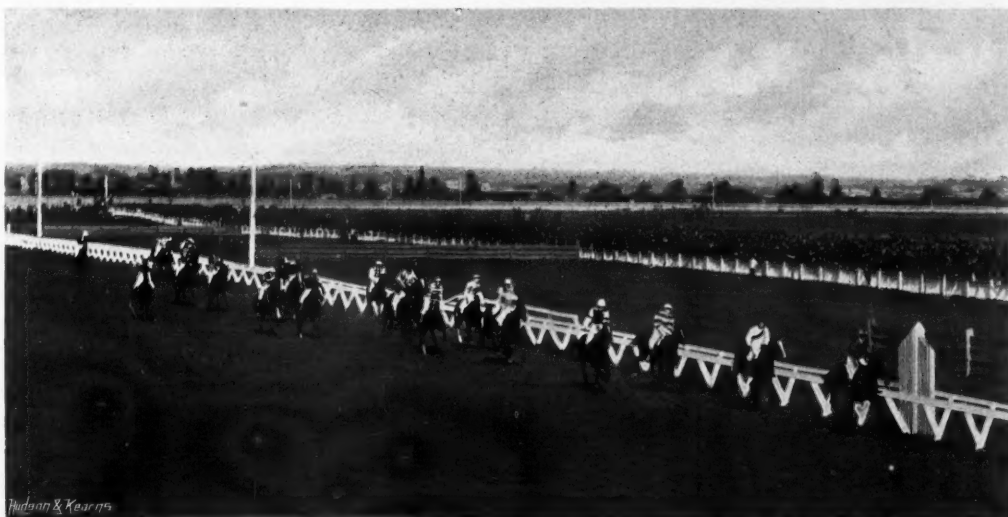
The winner, who is one of the games horses that ever fought out a finish, has had a remarkable career. He began life in a small stable in Dorsetshire, out of which he was sold for 155 guineas, and his first successful effort in public was in a little race at Bath. After that he went into Hornsby's stable, where he won two or three selling plates, and after running well at Leicester, Alexandra Park, and Hurst Park, he was bought by the International Horse Agency and Exchange for Mr. William Cooper, to lead Newhaven II. in his work. He was then, of course, sent to Blackwell, since which he has gone on improving to such a marvellous extent that, on Saturday last, receiving 4lb. only for the year between them, he galloped clean away from the horse he had originally been bought to lead. It was after winning a selling race at Newmarket, in July last, that his present owner, Sir James Miller, bought him for 970 guineas, one of the best purchases ever made by that lucky Baronet, seeing that he has since then won the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, the Cesarewitch, and now the Manchester November Handicap of 1,500 sovs. He is by no means the first good horse that has been reclaimed from the ranks of selling platers, and that he is a good horse there is not the slightest doubt. I have always maintained that to be called this a horse should be able to go on any sort of ground, of which Chaleureux is a striking example. He did his Cesarewitch preparation on ground as hard as iron, and he romped home last week through a sea of mud. He is a real genuine stayer, and thoroughly game. I often wonder how many horses there are that would stay well if they ever got the chance of proving their stamina, instead of being turned adrift as useless because they cannot gallop fast enough as two year olds.

A very interesting event was the last race of the season, the all-aged Final Plate of one mile and a-quarter, in which the two year old Strike a Light, who defeated Amuath in the Osmaston Nursery Stakes at Derby, had to take on

Succoth, Hawfinch, and Sligo, and the result of which was bound to throw some light on the real form of Amurath. The son of Donovan and Fuse was a good favourite at 5 to 4, and making all the running, won easily by a length from Succoth, with Hawfinch, a head behind, third. This was certainly a very smart performance on the part of the winner, and it is hardly to be wondered at that Amurath failed to give 10lb. to such a colt as this. To hark back to the beginning of the wind-up meeting of the season, we saw yet another son of Gallinule win an important race. This was Mr. T. L. Plunkett's Irish-bred colt Baldoyle, by Gallinule—Maid of Kilcreene, who sailed home an easy two-lengths winner of the Lancaster Nursery Handicap, carrying 8st. 13lb., and is evidently a very useful youngster. For this event sixteen competitors went to the post, of whom Mische was made a hot favourite on the strength of her French reputation, whilst the Liverpool winner, Deuce of a Daisy, was well backed at 6 to 1, and Baldoyle had friends at 100 to 8. The favourite was well beaten at the distance, where Styrienne and Made of Money became the leading pair, but bearing down upon them immediately afterwards, Baldoyle soon had them both settled, and won as he liked by a couple of lengths. He was giving 15lb. to Styrienne, who finished second, and 31lb. to Made of Money, who was third, whilst he had 6lb. the worst of the weights with Deuce of a Daisy, and beat her into fourth place. It is worth noticing that this race was run over seven furlongs, and the winner will have to be reckoned with next year.

The second day of the meeting—Friday—produced a great afternoon's sport, though, thanks to the enormous fields and the heavy "going," winners were not easy to find. The one good thing of the day looked to me to be Golden Bridge, in the Lancashire Handicap of a mile, and that at any rate came off. He was naturally made favourite, whilst Bridegroom started at 10 to 1, although many people fancied him. I am afraid he is none of the gamest, but with such a pull in the weights over the American-bred colt—two years and 3lb.—he was bound to be dangerous, and so he was, as he finished second, beaten by only half a length. Minstrel started second favourite, though how any sane person can back such a confirmed "welsher" always puzzles me. He ran his race out better than usual, however, and finished third; but he was receiving a year and 5lb. from the winner, and I do not suppose that anything would have induced him to pass the post actually first. The race was run in such a mist that nothing could be seen of it until they were close home, and then Golden Bridge had the race won. Bridegroom dropped from the clouds at the finish, and made a race of it, but he never had any chance with the winner, and it is nothing short of marvellous how this horse has come on since his name has been changed. Athel, whose favourite battle-ground this was, walked in after the race was over, and died within a few minutes from internal hæmorrhage. Everyone was sorry for the poor old horse, who was quite a favourite at Manchester.

The Eglinton Nursery was an interesting affair, and no fewer than twenty-seven youngsters cantered down to take part in it, of whom the Ionia colt, who had run so well behind Trident at Derby, was made favourite. The Noble Duchess colt, undoubtedly the best class colt in the race, was burdened with 9st. 5lb., and the only one thought likely to beat the favourite was the Irish-bred Young Hopeful, handicapped at 6st. 13lb. The danger did not come from him, however, but from Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Ve'lo, who had



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THE FINISH FOR THE CAULFIELD CUP.

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finished a long way behind the Ionia colt at Derby. It was a splendid race between the last-named, the favourite, and Esmeralda II., who was penalised 5lb. for her Warwick success, Mr. de Rothschild's colt turning the tables on Mr. J. A. Miller's by half a length, with Esmeralda II. only a head behind the second. Young Hopeful never got near the front, but he is a good-looking youngster of the low, lengthy, wide-hipped sort, and in such a field anything may have happened. The Noble Duchess colt was trying to give the Ionia colt 10lb. more than Trident succeeded in doing at Derby, and it seemed almost a pity to run him with such a prohibitive weight as 9st. 5lb., especially on the heavy ground. The winner is a good-looking colt by Suspender—Velleda. The result of this race, however, in which he gave 11lb. and a half-length beating to the second, does not put him in the same street with Trident, who gave the same colt 16lb., and the Rothschild stables will play a desperately strong hand in three year olds next year.

It is extraordinary how prejudiced most people are against anything new, and especially against such things as they will not take the trouble to understand. Not one racing man in a thousand, and not many breeders even, understand the true meaning of Bruce Lowe's Figure System, and yet they all with one accord laugh at it. Personally, I do not think it is ever worth one's while to form an opinion, one way or the other, about anything except by its results. Let us look at this year's classic winners. Before the season which was brought to a conclusion last week had begun to run its course, I stated in these notes that the three year olds most likely to do well, as judged by their respective figures, were Nun Nicer, Disraeli, Wildfowler, and Jeddah, whilst in this respect Ninus, Orzil, and Dieudonne were not entitled to so much respect. The last three have been more or less failures, and have certainly failed to run up to the expectations of their friends. Of the first-named lot Nun Nicer has won the One Thousand Guineas and proved herself a sterling good mare, whilst Disraeli took the Two Thousand, Jeddah the Derby, and Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and Wildfowler the St. Leger. Could any unprejudiced person ask for a better proof that the figures are really of value in estimating the probable form of young race-horses, and as a useful collateral guide to breeders?

Among the principal winners of the week, Baldoyle's pedigree is a particularly interesting one. He is by Gallinule, who—being inbred to Birdcatcher through Oxford and Stockwell, with a cross of Touchstone on his sire Isonomy's side; whilst through his dam Moorhen he gets another cross of the same blood, combined with one each of Touchstone and Blacklock—is naturally one of the most successful sires of the day, and now fourth on the list with fifteen winners of twenty-four races, worth £15,403. Baldoyle's dam, Maid of Kilcreene, is by Arbitrator, son of Solon (Melbourne and Birdcatcher), out of Querida, whose dam Ada was by Knight of St. George, by Birdcatcher. Arbitrator's dam also brings in another strain of Touchstone, so that, taken as a whole, Baldoyle's pedigree may be taken to represent the Birdcatcher and Touchstone combination, which always seems to succeed, together with a cross of Blacklock on the top half, and one of Melbourne and two of Venison on the lower half. This is particularly stout breeding, and I think it would be difficult to say how good a horse Baldoyle may not be. Besides this good two year old, Gallinule's other winners include such as Blackwing, Gazetteer, General Peace, Pintail, Sirenia, Wildfowler, and Waterhen. I shall never be surprised to see him at the top of the list of winning stallions of the season.

Chaleureux comes of the Melbourne family in tail male, his sire Goodfellow being by Barcalaine, but he also goes back to the Blacklock



J. R. Mann.

THE CAULFIELD CUP: RETURNING TO SCALE.

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tribe, through his paternal grandam Ravissante, who was out of Makeshift, by Voltigeur, whilst he inherits the same blood twice through his dam L'Ete, who was by John Davis, son of Voltigeur, dam by Fandango, son of Barnton, by Voltaire.

There is no handsomer horse, and few better horses, of his own age, in training than Golden Bridge, who is inbred to the Touchstone line of the Whalebone family on both sides of his sire Rayon d'Or's pedigree, whilst on his dam St. Bridget's he strains back to Blacklock and Birdcatcher, so that he again

combines the three strains which seem to crop up in the pedigree of almost every big winner of the season. He also goes back three times to Pocahontas, through Araucaria, King Tom, and Stockwell. Curiously enough, Rayon d'Or has the reputation of getting soft stock in America, and Golden Bridge certainly seemed to take after his brothers and sisters in that respect until his name was altered and he changed his stable. Perhaps the real reason may have been that he was asked to run beyond his distance.

OUTPOST.



WE have had a fright—one of those practical jokes our climate plays on us from time to time. Two inches of snow covered all the Lincolnshire side of the Belvoir country on Thursday, but as the day wore on the snow changed to a soft rain, which has given us the moisture for which we have

long been wishing. There had been some warnings of a frost, and the very good scent which made the Quorn Hounds fairly scream on Monday was in itself a suggestion to the experienced of coming frost or snow. No weather that I know of really can enable us to anticipate a scent, but a certain quality in the tone of the hound chorus does seem to me to go before a frost. When hounds run really hard in the afternoon, it is always possible, and often likely, that we shall not hunt the following day. I was not with the Quorn at Wymeswold, but had, indeed, better sport elsewhere. It was, so my friend tells me, a disappointing day; plenty of foxes and a good scent in the morning, and the screaming scent aluded to above in the afternoon, but somehow the foxes would not run, and quickly went to ground. Something under ten minutes from Thrusington was the best sport, and that is too short a time for the rider to realize that he is really enjoying himself. Such scurries mean that the "who whoop" sounds just as we are settling into the saddle. Business took me to town, pleasure into the Vale of Aylesbury, where it is ever delightful to recall the pleasures of bygone days of Lord Valetian and Dick Stoo. with the Heythrop, of Fred Cox with Lord Rothschild, and of the too rare pleasures of a gallop over the Vale on one of Charlie Symonds' good hacks. It all came back as I sat at Hoggston and looked over Lord Rothschild's pack, still one of the best in England. What substance and bone the bitches have. They are not particularly large hounds, but how level in shape, deceiving the eye into thinking them smaller than they really are. What a pace, too, they went on the line of their deer, leaving us further and further behind. The Vale seemed deep after Leicestershire, and the fences took much jumping, nor was I, for one, sorry when a friendly lead was given by a road which ran parallel to the line. The pace was good, as may be imagined when it is said that the six miles or so covered by the hounds took but five-and-twenty, or it might be thirty, minutes to traverse. Very few men were really with hounds all the way. It was too soon over, and with it the day's sport, but it was something to think of in the train going back at night.

The next day we were on the Lincolnshire side with the Belvoir at Ranceby, whither hounds, horses, and men came comfortably enough in the special train which has taken the place of the old hound van. The bitch pack came out on this side, and a sharper, brighter lot of ladies it would be difficult to find. Of the Lincolnshire country of the Belvoir it would be hard to speak too highly; it is most sporting, and takes a good deal of riding over, the foxes are good, and if there is some plough, with sufficient moisture it carries a scent. The best fun of the day was with an out-lyer, which sprang up in front of the pack and ran them fairly out of scent in something less than twenty minutes. There are plenty of people out on this side, but no crowd, and hunting is thoroughly enjoyable. Nothing else noteworthy happened, and I may turn to the Cottesmore on the same day at Ouston; and I hear that there was a regular Cottesmore Tuesday field—Mr. and Miss Finch, Lord and Lady Manners, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord and Lady Morton, Lady Sophie Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Monro. The tale that was told me enables me to draw for you a picture which will recall to many people how dangerous it is to lose touch with hounds in Ouston Wood. First there broke away the fox, with one single hound straining at his brush, then in long line came the rest of the pack, the pace and scent so good that no hound altered or improved her position till the pack got together in Little Ouston Wood; one man was with them, and not another soul. It might have been the run of the season. It was only a merry spin round to Little Ouston by way of Knosington; but even this was too good to lose. Once in covert the pack divided, and nothing more happened.

Some wished they had learned by experience, for there were more than one or two there who, three



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GOING TO THE MEET.

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HOUNDS ENTERING OFFHAM.

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seasons ago, rode a long stern chase to Orton Park Wood from Ouston. On Thursday morning came the snow, and on Thursday evening the rain, so that on Friday there was no question about meeting the Quorn at Hungarton. A bright sun, soft turf under foot, and plenty of moisture promised sport, for though a gaudy day is not good for scent, after heavy cold rains a little sun to warm up the chilled earth is not amiss. The crowd was great; the little threat of frost and snow had perhaps reminded people that hunting is apt to be uncertain, and the chances of sport not to be thrown away. To give the names of those present would be a vain repetition, though I do not remember to have seen Mr. and Mrs. Archie Bellville out before this year.

The Prince of Wales's Covert held a fox of course. I have seen it drawn five times, and each time with success, in Lord Lonsdale's reign. The line was over the South Croxton Brook. Those who went for the gate and the drive by the Hall had the best of it, for the fox swung right-handed, the pack close to him, and evidently running with a good scent. He was bolted or killed. Some proceedings of no general interest took place, which resulted in ridding the country of a mangy fox, and then hounds were trotted on to Gaddesby. Here one fox came out, then a pause, then another, and again a pause, and then a third. Will hounds divide? of course was the critical question. However, the pack settled well to one fox. By a circuitous route the point, as far as this fox had a point, was Barkby. But I am fairly puzzled to tell of his meanderings. How we ran by the South Croxton Brook, then turned away to Brooksby; but the fox's wisdom was justified by the end, for he gained ground at every turn, and eventually escaped altogether near Brooksby.

The Belvoir, at Weaver's Lodge, on the same day were rather unlucky not to have had a better run from Nightingale's Gorse with their second fox than they did. At least, so my informant says. Hounds got away a long distance behind their fox, and hunted steadily up to him in Dumbleby Thorns, where he had waited. The hounds quickly got the fox out, and racing away close behind him, ran to Braceby. There is some poor scenting ground at Braceby, and the chase would have come to an end but for a holloa. Hounds ran on through Pickworth and into Sapperton Wood, but shooting considerations intervened, and hounds were stopped. They left off where they started, killing a fox in the very spinney near Weaver's Lane from which they drove their morning fox. It is bad news to hear that in two countries in the Midlands runs have been spoilt this week by the presence of barbed wire, and that Miss F. Brockton had a very nasty fall over the accused hidden strand.

The thoughtful Beckford wrote: "Take not your hounds out on a very windy day"; and he might have added, "Take not yourself out on a very wet and stormy day." On such occasions scent is almost invariably a thing unknown, while at the end of the day you ride home out of temper with things generally, and with hunting in particular. Your hat looks as if it had been sand-papered round the wrong way, your buttons wear the appearance of not having been cleaned since last season, your coat is stiff and heavy, your breeches cling to you in damp sympathy, and your tops, instead of being the correct biscuit colour, resemble dirty brown paper. These and similar discomforts fell to the gallant few who journeyed to meet the Southdown last Friday week at Albourne. As might be expected on such a day, foxes were difficult to find, and although the country around Sayer's Common was drawn,



Photo.

THE MEET AT OFFHAM.

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"A GOOD HORSE IS NEVER A BAD COLOUR."

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it was not until hounds were put into Wick Wood that the desired result was obtained. Our fox went away towards Blackstone, but left nothing behind him whereby he might be followed, so presently he was allowed to go in peace. In Shave's Wood a substitute was found, and he took hounds by Wick Wood into the open country beyond, but again scent failed. The little covert near Poynings was also tried, but without success.

On the following day things looked up, and a pleasant little circular gallop was enjoyed by a limited few. The meet was at Newhaven Barn, and for some time the field was limited to a dozen horsemen and a few foot people. A somewhat long draw was again necessary, but a fox was at length found on the hills above Alfriston. Our quarry first of all made a small circle round his home, and then went away to Firle, and ran through Compton Wood. On reaching West Firle, he turned short back, and ran parallel to the railway by Selmeaton to within a field or so of Berwick Station, where he turned due south, and, seeking the Downs above Berwick village, finally got to ground. X.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PERSIMMON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you kindly tell me something about a fruit called the Persimmon, which I noticed lately in a fruit shop. It was not unlike a tomato, and at the apex reminded one of the medlar. Could it be grown in England?—X. Y. Z.

[No doubt the fruit our correspondent saw is the Chinese date plum, also called the Persimmon, Diospyros Kaki, a native of China, and the Chinese dry it and use it as a sweetmeat; but the true Persimmon is *D. virginiana*, or, as it is also called, the Virginia date plum, which is a native of the United States, where the tree grows to a height of about 50ft. The fruit is almost round, of an orange colour, and bitter, but this bitterness to a large extent disappears when it is exposed to frost. The fruits are made into cakes. In this country the Persimmon must be grown under glass, and this would scarcely pay.—ED.]

EQUINE INTELLIGENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "Parsee" is needlessly puzzled. The horse recognises persons by scent, just as a dog does. Smelling, not seeing, is his means of recognition and his means of enquiry. First smell, and then touch, usually with the nose and lips, are his experimental methods. Things like shadows, which he can't smell, frighten him; objects which he fears, but can smell, he learns not to dread. "Let him smell it" is the advice of every old hand when a colt gets nervous at a sack on the ground or an unknown object of any kind. He also bases rational fear on smell, but seldom irrational fear, which comes from mistakes of vision or of hearing—e.g., a horse smells a bear or a wolf at once, even if he does not see it, and gets into a most violent panic. Read, for instance, Mr. Trevor Battye's "Northern Highway of the Czar" (Constable).—C. J. CORNISH.

EQUINE INTELLIGENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In "Problems of Nature," by Dr. G. Jaeger (Williams and Norgate), page 52, is a solution of the puzzle set by your correspondent "Parsee"—that a horse, even when blindfolded, can distinguish between two riders of the same size and weight:—"Not only every animal species, but also every race, variety, and, in all probability, even every individual, has its specific odour and taste. As regards the individual, our own grossly neglected chemical senses cannot be depended upon to guide us; but we all know that dogs, with their highly-developed sense of smell, are capable of distinguishing their masters from other persons by the sense of smell." Dr. Jaeger has made this subject, which he describes (page 58) as "the fundamental problem of organic life," his own, and has dealt with it extensively in his larger scientific works. This is so much the case, that the enemies which a man in advance of the thought of his time (remember Darwin!) always creates among those who dislike to be disturbed from the old ruts, sneeringly refer to him as "der Riech-apostel" (the apostle of the sense of smell). The three short chapters 8 to 10 in "Problems of Nature" (a selection from Jaeger's principal works) deal more or less with this subject, and well repay perusal. There are other chapters equally interesting. Lovers of animals will be especially pleased with chapter 6, "Sexual Selection," and chapter 28, "The Origin of the Human Language," which he traces from the animal language and gestures such as exist to-day.—LEWIS R. S. TOMALIN.

AMATEUR MILKMAIDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you herewith a photograph of my youngest sisters as amateur milkmaids. I think you will agree that they seem to appreciate country life.—E. WILKINSON.

MOTTOES FOR SUNDIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Madame Ligonier, who, in your issue of November 19th, asks for appropriate mottoes for sundials, raises a curiously interesting topic. In the "Book of Sundials" (Bell and Daldy, 1872) Mrs. Alfred Gatty issued a very complete collection, numbering 377 in all. Nevertheless it seems to me, after reading them all, that the good mottoes are very few in number, considering that sundials have been known from the earliest days, and that, in all probability, they represent man's first machinery for ascertaining the time. Too many of them are melancholy, hortatory, and worst of all, obvious; a good many are quite irrelevant; few have that sunny gaiety which belongs to "Horas non numero nisi serenas," which you justly designate as unsurpassable. But it is certainly hackneyed. It occurs at East Grinstead, Aldeburgh, Frome, Farnworth, Cawder (near Glasgow), Arley Hall (near Venice), and probably at a hundred places besides. I need not trouble you with the mottoes that are melancholy or common-place—"Eheu fugaces," "Tempus fugit," "Gedenke das du sterben musst" are among them. "Dubia omnibus, ultima multis"—[an hour] "Uncertain for all, the last for many"—is sad, but a trifle more ingenious. "Mox nox"—"Night soon"—is hortatory, but brief. "Detego tegendo"—"By covering I reveal"—is equally short, and more ingenious. "The eyes of the Lord are brighter than sunbeams" (from the German at Hallstadt) is very pretty. "Vera loquor aut sileo"—"I speak the truth or am silent"—is good. I like, too, the motto from "Hudibras," "True as the dial to the sun, although it be not shone upon," which is, to my mind, the expression of a very pretty conceit. But on the whole there is plenty of room for invention, especially of the cheerful kind. In passing I crave leave to say that COUNTRY LIFE would, in my opinion, meet "a felt want" by publishing simple directions for the marking and placing of the three commonest dials—the horizontal, the direct west, and the direct south. It is an easy thing to do when you know how, and I have met scores of friends, desirous of setting up sundials, who have lamented the difficulty of picking them up at second-hand. Moreover, the second-hand dial may, very likely, have its gnomon placed wrongly for the latitude to which it is taken after purchase. I have personally made many dials, with pleasure and satisfaction to myself, from the directions contained in "The Young Gentleman's Astronomer," published in 1712, without, I must confess, completely understanding the principles upon which the directions are based.—BRAWD YR HAUL [Brother of the Sun].

[The sun's brother clearly speaks with authority. Perhaps he will let us see the directions, illustrated by a lucid and accurate d'agram, some day.—ED.]

SIR,—In your most interesting paper (which follows me wherever I may be) I notice a request from a correspondent for a motto for a sundial. The few sundials that exist in this neighbourhood are all lacking in that excellent thing—a good motto—but perhaps the following might please your correspondent:

"Time and shadows flee away,
God and Love make sure the better day."

I think this motto occurs in an account by Lady Warwick of her own special garden in her Essex home.—CADRAN SOLAIRE (Montreux).

SIR,—Madame Ligonier little thinks, apparently, what a large subject she has entered on in asking for mottoes for sundials. I have always thought that some worthy person ought to undertake the study of the philosophy of sundial mottoes, that is to say, the line of thought that underlay the conception of different classes of mottoes. For it is easy enough to group them in classes. There is first, and

far most numerous, the melancholy class—those that bid us think how time is passing as we look on the dial and meditate on the brevity of life, etc. Of this class are "Mox nox," rather taking in its pithiness; "Labuntur anni," "Eheu fugaces"; "Time and tide stay for no man"; "Thy days are like a shadow that declineth"; "Time by moments steals away, first the hour and then the day"; "Watch and pray, time hastes away." These may suffice for samples of this class, but specimens might be multiplied almost without end. Then we might go on to class two, that is made up of mottoes that are not quite such simple comments on the undoubted tendency of time to pass, but may rather be regarded as an inference from that observation. Necessarily, they are more cheerful: "Carpe diem"; "Vive hodie"; "Now or never"; "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." All these may be mentioned as a few samples among very many of the second class. Of examples of this class having a special application—appropriate to the sundial in the ale-house garden—"Hori bibendi" or "O Viator, horam bibendi aspice." But perhaps we may assume that these would not so well suit Madame Ligonier's purpose as certain others. Then there is the vast class of those that obviously arise from the engraver's or designer's impression of the fact: that the shadow has something to do with marking the time—this again suggests melancholy reflections—"Life's but a walking shadow"; "Man is a shadow"; "Our days pass like a shadow"; "Umbra monet umbram"; "Umbra labitur, et nos umbræ." From this class of sad thought we may jump if we please to the class of perhaps even more melancholic punning on the word "dial." "We must and shall ere lon-



dyall"; "Life's but a shadow, man's but dust; This dyall sayes, dy all we must." This is a really distressing class. From the observation that the time is marked by the shadow, it is but a step to the observation that the dial does not mark the time in the sun's absence. "Nil nisi celesti radio" is a fine example of this class. "Sans le soleil, je ne suis rien, et toi, sans Dieu tu ne peux rien," is another example, more laboured, of the same. Finally, there is the class of motto suggested by the *silence* with which the shadow creeps over the dial. Of these, "Venio ut fur" may serve as a sufficient sample, for this letter, I fear, is exceeding due bounds. I would like, however, in conclusion to mention a motto that appeals to me as a very charming one, scarcely to be placed in any one of the above classes, but avoiding alike the cant of some and the "joking wifedecifulty" of others, and especially appropriate to the garden of a hospitable house: "Amicus quælibet hora." I hope you will forgive this length of letter from a man who has let himself be carried away by his hobby-horse.—SENEX.

SIR,—Madame Ligonier will not easily find a better motto for a dial than the late Sir Philip Sydenham's, for the title-page of his library catalogue, given at page 658 of your last issue (November 26th): "Our days upon earth are a shadow." But if this do not find favour in her eyes, why not have recourse to Mrs. Gatty's work on sundials, which contains an exhaustive collection of mottoes? With the deepest respect for both your and Madame Ligonier's judgment, I must own that "Horas non numero nisi serenas" seems to me hardly deserving of its popularity. As a bald statement of an obvious fact it has no particular merit; and, as a mere enunciation of epicureanism, is of doubtful morality. Even the punning "Fugit hora, ora, labora," has higher claims to our respect; but why, if the motto be intended to read a lesson, should it be couched in a dead language? The reasons for which Latin mottoes were preferred in old times no longer exist, and English literature is surely rich enough in phrases which may serve the lady's purpose.—W. H. C.

SIR,—Your correspondent on the above subject is quite right in saying that the lines, "I mark the time, say, Gossip, dost thou soe?" are quoted by Mr. Austin Dobson. The quotation occurs in his "Vignettes in Rhyme." But what will be of more interest, perhaps, to your correspondent is the source from which Mr. Dobson took the quotation. The words occur on a sundial that stands, or that stood, in the manor house at Chew Magna—name that has suggested many a jest in our childish days—in Somersetshire. The whole inscription ran:

"I am a shade, a shadow too art thou.
I mark the time, say, Gossip, dost thou soe?"—ZUMERGET.